

A full-page photograph of a man in a white robe with his hands clasped in prayer, standing at the base of the Washington Monument. The monument is a tall, brown, tapered obelisk that reaches towards the top of the frame. The background is a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds. The word "REVELATION" is printed in large, white, serif capital letters across the middle of the image, centered over the monument.

REVELATION

**Text by
Kevin Galalae**

**Photos by
Nick Williams**



**For my sons, Ben and
Oliver.**

**For whom no sacrifice is
too great.**



Neither the hunger strike nor this book would have been possible without the generosity of several individuals who lent me their support as total strangers from the four corners of the earth and who I wish to acknowledge and thank as close friends now.

Regardless of motivation, it takes an act of faith to put one's trust and hard-earned money in a total stranger. Something I have said, written or done will have inspired you to make personal sacrifices for the common good and in me you found a vehicle to this end. For this I shall be forever grateful. In my previous and future actions I hope to live up to your expectations and to ensure that I do I will always stay true to what is right and what is decent. More than anything, I will always speak the truth regardless who gets offended and why. This is particularly important because only the truth will set us free. But before it can do this, the truth must be unshackled and that is my sacred duty on this earth, my destiny and my calling. Until the day I die, I shall remain the sanctuary of truth.

This book is dedicated to each and every one of you for helping me free the truth:

Tara Hoermann (Canada)
Kimberlee Schultz (USA)
Chris Savage (Australia)
Kyron O'Brien (USA)
Cameron Mottus (Canada)
Virginia Harper (Canada)
Marie Hale Thomas (UK)
Anna Claudia Caci (Italy)
Kathy Field (Australia)
Harriett Smith (Australia)
Diana McClure (USA)
Ian Morley (Ireland)
Jo Love (New Zealand)
Yasmeen and Jonathan Clark/Spark (New Zealand)
Celia Kennedy (New Zealand)
Regan Heavey (Ireland)
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Gai Anderson (Australia)
Patricia H. Cord (UK)
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Mark Lindsey (USA)
Anna Manini (Australia)
Seyla Lim (USA)
Jennifer Mortell (Ireland)
Tanya Cashwell (USA)
John Lagan (Ireland)

This is also the right place to acknowledge the unconditional support, exemplary integrity and tireless efforts of Luis Miranda, the chief editor of The Real Agenda (Brazil, <http://real-agenda.com/>). Without his support I would not have a safe and constant media presence and a secure home for many of the documents and articles that I have published over the years and have been immediately censored. Luis has given them a home and has given me stability.

Last but not least, I would like to thank my gracious host and friend, Karoline Heffner, for her hospitality. It was Karoline's wonderful cooking who brought me back to full strength after the hunger strike and the heavenly environment of her property in Bavaria where I recharged for the battles ahead.

If there is one thing I have learned from the people who stood by me during this trying time is that nothing is impossible when human beings come together to pursue a higher goal.

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FOREWORD

This is the daily journal I wrote during my 46-day-long hunger strike at the Vatican City, Rome, between 19 April and 3 June 2014. It serves as a historical record of my sacrifice and efforts and of the Church's betrayal and hypocrisy.

Not even in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that the heart of Christendom is also the epicenter of the depopulation genocide and that the people who assume moral responsibility for the West feel no shame and no remorse for their decision to sacrifice our children for their earthly privileges.

The Pharisees have conspired to murder Christ. The Vatican conspires to murder us. There is no other explanation and no excuse for its silence.

I gave Pope Francis and his Cardinals a chance to exonerate the Church of all wrongdoing by simply speaking the truth and coming to our defense, but they have failed to seize this opportunity and have succeeded only in proving to the world that they are in great part responsible for the crimes against humanity and against God that are being committed in the name of the Global Depopulation Policy.

May God have mercy on their souls!



KEVIN GALALAE



NICK WILLIAMS

SEDE VACANTE

Letter to Pope Francis



Your Holiness,

As the People's Representative, I speak for 7 billion souls. As a son of man, I defend the wellbeing of mankind. And as a simple father, I protect my children.

In a few weeks, I will be in St. Peter's square to observe a hunger strike until such time as you break the vow of silence the Vatican committed to in 1969 with respect to the international community's efforts to control population growth by covert means that undermine human fertility and diminish the family.

The Church's opposition to contraceptives and abortion has forced secular authorities to pursue population control without the knowledge or consent of the people, thus driving the international community's efforts underground with dire repercussions on the fabric of society and to the genetic and intellectual endowment of humanity.

These dire consequences have been neither intended nor foreseeable, nevertheless the entire world is now affected and the international community trapped in a system of mutual coercion mutually agreed upon that no one desires yet no one can escape and that victimizes every human being on the planet, threatens the survival of billions of lineages and forebodes the collapse of everything we hold dear.

This is an affront to God and Nature for which religious and secular authorities are equally responsible even though each has acted in good conscience and with the best intentions, the former to protect life and the unborn in the present while the latter to safeguard international peace, the wellbeing of humanity and the health of the planet into the future.

We, the people, now understand the terrible dilemma this generation of leaders confronts and are ready to take responsibility and make the sacrifices necessary to protect the sanctity and dignity of life while at the same time strengthen international peace and safeguard the future of civilization and the planet.

We understand that our leaders have tried to protect us from the need to make difficult choices, but it has become clear that choosing the easy way out has only deepened, magnified and multiplied our problems.

Until such time as you speak the truth and fulfill your moral responsibilities to admit that both secular and religious leaders need to change their ways for no one is infallible and nothing endures the test of time, the world will not be able to avert disaster and return to sanity.

Until such time, deserving and desiring people across the globe will not be able to live in the image of God, but forced to crawl in the shadows of men.

Until such time, we, the afflicted and the suffering, consider the Holy See to be in a state of Sede Vacante.

With utmost respect,

Kevin Muger Galalae
A Son of Man

FREE AND EQUAL
Letter to Secretary General Ban Ki-moon



Esteemed Secretary General Ban Ki-moon,

As the People's Representative, I bring the grievances of seven billion people to your attention. As a Canadian citizen, I defend the rights and liberties of my fellow nationals. And as a father, I protect my innocent children.

A few days ago, I have announced my upcoming [hunger strike at the Vatican](#) to protest the covert and genocidal methods of population control devised by the Allied Powers in 1945, delegated by the United Nations and its agencies since the early 1950s, and tacitly endorsed by the Holy See since 1969; methods that have gained in intensity and scope over the decades and that now threaten the survival of billions, the health of every human being on the planet, and the peace and stability of the world.

As soon as I succeed convincing Pope Francis to condemn the Global Depopulation Policy, I will make my way to Geneva to hunger strike at the headquarters of the World Health Organization (WHO), which is the UN agency most central to the depopulation effort and wholly responsible for turning science and medicine into weapons of infertility, morbidity and death so the engineered demographic transition can be accomplished through deception.

You assumed office as the 8th Secretary General of the UN in 2007 and have inherited the current international system along with the reigns of the world's largest and most complex bureaucracy. Your predecessors and the scores of capable men and women who have dedicated their lives to the lofty goals of the United Nations, were asked to do the impossible and have been doing the improbable because insurmountable obstacles stood in the way of legislating population control, namely the unelectability of

politicians calling for limiting family size, and the intractability of religious authorities and especially the Catholic Church with respect to contraceptives and abortion. In other words, religion and democracy have stood in the way of overtly limiting population growth, which was settled upon as the only civilized way to keep the peace in a world of finite resources and became a substitute to war to ensure that the ugly history of the global conflicts of the first half of the 20th century will never again be repeated.

Devoid of options and charged with safeguarding international peace and prosperity despite divergent national interests and conflicting religious, cultural, ethnic, political and economic factions, the UN was forced to proceed by covert means and did so by gradually turning the basic elements of life – water, food and air – into weapons of mass sterility and selective morbidity, all the while hiding its true intentions with pseudoscience and its crimes of necessity behind plausible deniability.

The time has come to change course, for the walls of deception and concealment have fallen, the medicine has become more deadly than the disease, and because we, the people, have become wiser than our leaders and have proposed an alternative solution to the problems we must solve as an indivisible humankind, the [OM Principles](#).

We ask that you speak the truth, admit that the current path is immoral and unfeasible, and endorse the OM Principles as the one and only means by which to keep the peace, regain our rights and liberties, rebuild democracy, protect the environment, restore the dignity of man, and accomplish the population reductions and resource sharing necessary if we are to leave behind a healthy planet and a sane civilization for our children.

This is the last chance we, the people, give our leaders to change course. I am the voice of reason and I come in peace, hoping never to have to say '*veni, vidi, vici*', but only that I have been heard and that the 7 billion people who are my brothers and sisters are treated as human beings and not as vermin.

The time has come for the United Nations to peacefully hand over control of the globalization-depopulation agenda to a new, untainted, and impartial entity such as the Centre of Global Consciousness so that every human being on the planet can henceforth be treated with the same consideration as the elites have reserved solely for themselves.

The time has come for the [Laws of Conscience and Consciousness](#) to be instituted worldwide for that is the only way the good in us will displace the evil that has taken control of the world and perverted everything we hold dear.

It is only with our consent that global governance must be carried out in the 21st century. Until such time, the world will know neither peace nor security and the ideals of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights will remain unrealized; ideals that the UN has long abandoned but we have never forgotten.

With utmost respect,

Kevin Galalae

PRE-HUNGER STRIKE INTERVIEW WITH GARY FRANCHIE OF WHDT-MIAMI

(31 March 2014)



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JKEM1aZ6i0A>

DAY ZERO
(Friday, 18 April 2014)
MY ROAD TO CALVARY

Izzy has tears in her eyes and I fight mine back, as do her parents, Manuel and Robin, while I pack my suitcases on a rolling cart and try to express my gratitude and love to my friends before walking into the terminal and getting on my one-way flight to Rome.

It is a bold move. The latest in a series of many I have undertaken over the past four years, a hunger strike at the gates of Vatican City with no money, no safety net and the possibility of another arrest either in Canada, just before departure at Pearson International in Toronto, or in Italy, upon arrival at Leonardo da Vinci airport.

Everything happened at the last minute: a hefty donation from an “anonymous” Canadian angel paid for my airline ticket and a month’s rent; a tip from a Russian lady living in Berlin, Germany, put me in touch with an American maverick living in Rome who found me an apartment within walking distance from St. Peter’s Square during the month with the most visitor’s in the Eternal City’s history; a Californian activist set up a donations account to fund my hunger strike and soon money started to trickle in after she opened the spigot to her own wallet in a rather generous fashion; an English photographer living in Sweden volunteered to join me in Rome and document on film my entire escapade.

The power of the Internet worked its magic and with only a couple of weeks to put it all together I succeed and get on the plane with \$200 in my pocket, a lot of hope and even more uncertainty as to what will happen next.

While I am not going into the unknown, as I am rather familiar with Italy in general and the city of Rome in particular, having traveled extensively throughout Europe, where I was born, I am going with a heavy heart. For with every step I take and every mile I fly, I am getting further and further away from my dear boys, Ben and Oliver. Even though I have not seen them in three years, my physical proximity to them gives me the feeling of togetherness and the peace of mind that if need be I can reach them within three hours by car. Italy, however, is across the ocean and the thought of leaving my sons behind is disconcerting, painful even, especially knowing that they are surrounded by my enemies.

But I will deal with my enemies when the time comes. For the time being, I must deal with the enemies of mankind, who pose the greatest and most immediate threat to my children and to my people, the world’s seven billion human beings who are under attack by the world’s 193 national governments.

And so I get on the plane and get ready for battle, feeling on this Good Friday the way Christ would have felt on the day of his Crucifixion. The flight to Rome is the beginning of my Calvary.



DAY ONE
(Saturday, 19 April 2014)
BATTLEFIELD ST. PETER'S SQUARE

To my delight I am not arrested either at departure or upon arrival. More than the loss of freedom I dreaded having to disappoint the kind and generous souls who placed their trust and vested their hopes in me.

The Air Transat plane departed as scheduled at 18:40 PM, April 18, and arrives as scheduled at 9:30 AM, April 19. After a smooth night flight and a descent through thick, dark clouds and moderate rain and a quick transit through customs I exit the terminal as instructed and look for Tom, who promised to pick me up at the airport and drive me to the apartment. I have never met Tom, but he makes a very good impression as soon as he welcomes me to Italy with a bright smile and we shake hands and have a merry old laugh as I explain that the Emporio Armani sign he asked me to meet him under is no longer there.

His Fiat Scudo van is large enough to easily take my heavy and bulky luggage. I packed for an entire year as I intend to stay in Europe at least six months. In fact, I packed all my belongings, everything I was left with that was not taken away by the government of Canada and the petty criminals in Kingston who colluded with the authorities to deprive me of my children, property and freedom.

There is scarce a country on earth that I love as much as Italy. Perhaps it is my partial Italian heritage, as diluted as it is, that is responsible for my partiality for this country. Perhaps it is my love of beauty and the aesthetic richness of its landscape and cityscapes. Or perhaps it is my training in the arts to which I owe my affection for Italy. Whatever it is, I feel at home in Italy: emotionally, physically and spiritually. It is only intellectually that Italy does not satisfy me, at least not the Italy of today, which seems to suffer from a dreadful case of inferiority complex towards everything Anglo-Saxon.

The apartment is more than I could have hoped for: spacious, clean, urbane, well outfitted and ideally located. The only drawback is that the building's façade is being renovated and the four story structure is covered in scaffolding. Tom and Mario, the owner, warn me about the noise and show me around. Once they leave, I have the rest of the day to myself; to unpack, relax, take my bearings, and collect my thoughts before I become the object of public attention, which I dread but I must.

As planned, my hunger strike begins as soon as I set foot on Italian soil. In fact, I even skipped breakfast on the plane to make this day count as the first day of hunger strike.

Tired though I am from the flight, I walk to St. Peter's, my battlefield, the most beautiful and sophisticated battlefield in the world, to establish some points of reference.

DAY TWO
(Sunday, 20 April 2014)
SALA STAMPA ON EASTER SUNDAY

I awake to the ringing of the doorbell shortly after 6 AM. Tom misunderstood me and instead of coming at 6 PM to drive me to the airport to pick up Nick, he came twelve hours earlier. We clear the confusion but that leaves me without a ride in the evening and Nick is counting on me, as he has tons of equipment that he brought along.

Money is so tight, however, that I cannot permit myself to take a cab. The little money I have is already spoken for. The worst part is that I have no way of contacting Nick to let him know that he will have to hire a cab at the airport as I will not be there to pick him up. Hoping that Nick has not yet left his home in Sweden I send him an email but I get no response. I reckon that he will call Tom as soon as he sees no one welcoming him at the terminal.

Instead of agonizing about things I cannot change I get an early start and get on with what I have to do. My first thing on the agenda is to write a letter to Pope Francis and hand deliver it at the Vatican's gate to inform the authorities that I am in Rome and my hunger strike has started on the 19th. Getting access to any of the Vatican's administrative offices, however, proves impossible. The place is a prison and walled like a prison. At every gate I get the same answer from the Papal Swiss Guards, who are dressed like circus clowns and wield medieval weapons, 'put it in the yellow mail box'. But since I find the answer unsatisfactory I decide to give it to the Vatican Press Office, the so-called Sala Stampa, which is the only official building outside the city walls and therefore accessible to the public. It is, however, Easter Weekend and the Via della Conciliazione is teeming with people and the crowd is so thick that it is nearly impossible to get from one side of the avenue to the other. Nevertheless I succeed after some thirty minutes of pushing and shoving and mostly going with the flow at a snail's pace.

There must be half a million people in St. Peter's square and vicinity and all I can think of is how to get away from the crowd. I am puzzled as to why people would want to gather in such large numbers for any event, let alone a spiritual one. There can be no God in such a strangling crowd. I am grateful to make it home in one piece.

For the rest of the day, I wait for and worry about Nick, who does not show up until shortly after midnight. We spend half the night unpacking his gear and getting to know each other, since we have never met. He is a jovial and lively fellow and I like him instantly and thank my lucky stars to have good company and a photographer in Rome. He is as thrilled to be in Rome and with the apartment as I am, and happy to have his own bedroom, which is a luxury he did not expect.

With the team assembled and the letter delivered, everything is on track.



SALA STAMPA DELLA SANTA SEDE

HOLY SEE PRESS OFFICE

BUREAU DE PRESSE DU SAINT-SIÈGE

OFICINA DE PRENSA DE LA SANTA SEDE

PRESSEAMT DES HEILIGEN STUHL



DAY THREE
(Monday, 21 April 2014)
EASTER IN THE ETERNAL CITY

I have no preconceived notions or an exact plan for how to make my presence felt in Rome. I am confident that Pope Francis and his cardinals will welcome my hunger strike as it provides them with the opportunity to rage at the secularists who are destroying new life in the womb and also the potential of life by preventing the moment of conception. Protecting the unborn, I reason, has been the Catholic Church's fight for decades and I am certain that they will see me as an ally and not as a foe.

Although I did not plan it this way, the time of my arrival in Rome could not be more auspicious. I left Canada for my hunger strike on Good Friday, the day of Christ's crucifixion and his death at Calvary and delivered my letter to Pope Francis on Easter Day, the day Christ rose from the grave. The symbolism of a new beginning, of new life, is ideal for the overturn of the globalization/depopulation axis around which the world has been forced to revolve since 1945 and as a result of which life has been diminished and the culture of death elevated to policy status.

To capitalize on the propitious time of my arrival in Rome I decide to immediately film an appeal to Pope Francis and send it to him as well as post it online. Nick and I waste no time and spend the afternoon on St. Peter's square filming a short video appeal by following a text I drafted in the morning.

This is new territory for me, as it is for Nick. First of all, I have never been in front of a camera, and certainly not in public places where I am being observed by countless passersby, which is distracting and disconcerting, and secondly I have never written a script for this medium, which has very different requirements from writing prose or journalism. But this is no time to be self-critical or shy so I plunge into the work without handicapping myself with doubt and fear. I will do the best I can under the circumstances and that will have to be enough. On the way to St. Peter's I practice my lines, which I have to memorize for the camera.

We are lucky the day is blessed with brilliant sunshine and lively crowds and our backdrop, St. Peter's Square and Basilica, could not be more photogenic or appropriate. I am lucky Nick is wonderful company, loves to talk and has a personality that is as bright as the day. More than this, he is as excited about the hunger strike and as aware of its importance as I am so I don't need to motivate him. He plunges into the work with the same enthusiasm as I do.

We are awed by our surroundings: the opulence of the art, the magnificence of the architecture, the massive crowds of thankful worshippers and well-heeled tourists. It is hard enough taking it all in, but that much harder having to phase it all out to concentrate on the task.

At home we review our footage and discover much of it is useless due to various technical problems. We are disappointed but take comfort in the fact that this is our very first attempt at a trade that is demanding and to which we are both new. We resolve to do better the next day and not to be discouraged by our failure today.

Out of consideration for me, and much to his credit, Nick eats absolutely nothing the entire day and I wonder if I should assure him that it is OK to eat, even in front of me since I am well versed at hunger striking and it will have no influence on me. But before I can say anything Nick mentions matter-of-factly, as though guessing my thoughts, that he is not hungry and I leave it at that.

I am still getting my feet wet and trying to think out a strategy that is effective without being in poor taste. If the Vatican does not acknowledge my hunger strike within a week I will make myself visible but until then I will remain discreet. The Vatican must know I am here and that I am serious but it must not be offended by my presence here or by my approach. I will have to walk a fine line and be discreet and visible at the same time.

From the very beginning it becomes clear to me that secular forces approve of my hunger strike at the Vatican and are acting behind the scenes to milk it for all it's worth. But I have no intention of allowing anyone to hijack my mission or to use it for political ends. The blame for the ongoing genocide is to be attributed to secular and religious authorities in equal measure and my words and actions must reflect this at all times. I am no one's agent but my own and have no agenda other than to stop the genocide and save our children and no master other than the truth, which is hidden behind layers and layers of lies and half-truths.

If I am to succeed I must establish myself as the sanctuary of truth and protect my integrity at all costs.

The irony of history repeating itself after 2000 years does not escape me. Jesus raged at his Jews on the Temple's steps in Jerusalem and I now rage at my Christians on the steps of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. Now as then faith has decayed to bare-naked hypocrisy. Now as then the clerics are politicians in robes. Yes, humanity has come a long way and I don't expect to be tortured and killed, but the relationship between authority and the people is as sick now as it was then. Yes, Pope Francis seems to be a decent man, but if he conceals the truth he is responsible for crimes unprecedented in history and if the Vatican could harm me to keep its culpability secret it probably would.

For some reason, whatever reason, I feel protected. And it is not the invisible hand of secular governments and organizations that give me this feeling, although my reason tells me that for the first time since I began my struggle against the system they are in my ball court. It is a divine presence that I feel; the same divine presence that filled me with Lovelight in the Palau Islands.

I am invulnerable because I stand on His shoulders.



DAY 4
(Tuesday, 22 April 2014)
APPEAL TO POPE FRANCIS

We must redo yesterday's work so we start fresh in the morning with the filming, but not before getting on the scales to monitor my weight loss. On the 19th, when my hunger strike began, I weighed a respectable 92.5 Kg. In the first 24 hours I had lost 2 kg, mostly water, and by the end of the second day of hunger strike I weighed 90.5 Kg. By the morning of the third day I had lost an additional 1.1 kg and weighed 89.4 Kg. And on this bright and sunny morning the scales show that I have lost another 1.2 Kg and now weigh 88.2 Kg.

St. Peter's Square is nowhere near as full as over Easter weekend and this makes the filming much easier as there are fewer distractions and interruptions. The weather is perfect: brilliant light, blue skies and pleasantly mild.

Although I have been communicating by email with several Vatican offices for several weeks none of my messages have been either acknowledged or answered but none have bounced back or have been blocked either, which tells me that they are listening but for whatever reason they cannot or will not reply. This is the first indication that the Vatican is restricted either by its observer status at the UN or by its culpability and perhaps even by its complicity, but I will give them the benefit of the doubt until such time as I have more evidence one way or another. Its silence, however, is highly suspect as this is the first characteristic of the system when confronted with its own crimes. For the time being, however, I can only assume that the Vatican is just another head of the Hydra.

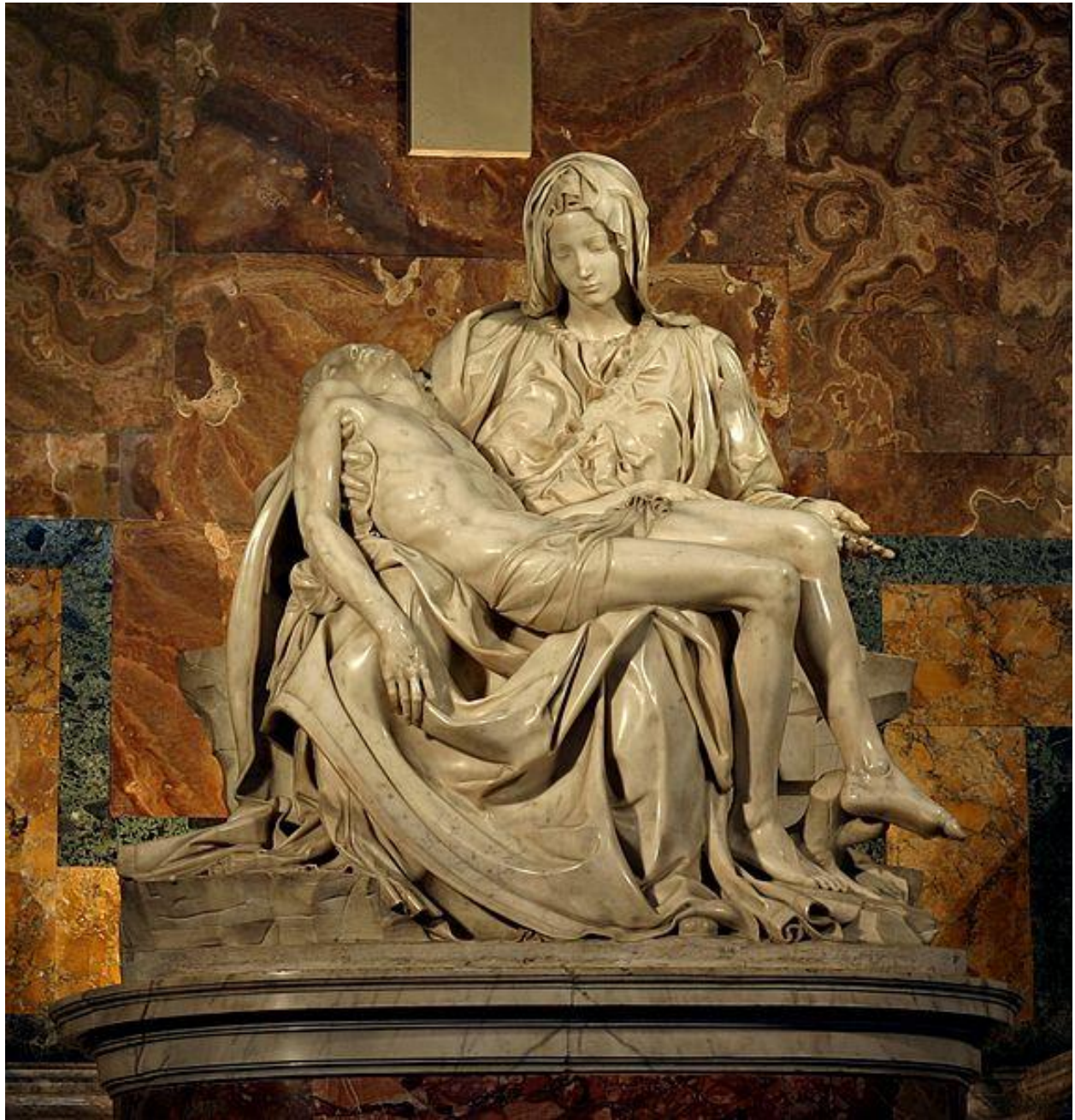
The tone and text of my video message must nevertheless be respectful and non-confrontational but also clear and firm. It must also be short and to the point. To get it right Nick and I do many takes and try various angles. Little by little we fall into a productive rhythm but we are on our feet and on the move all day long.

As a reward we grant ourselves a visit to St. Peter's Basilica where I have the opportunity to see the one statue that I love above all others, Michelangelo's Pietà, whose grace fills me with humility, empathy and love.

The only other item on the agenda is finding healthy water to drink. This is particularly important for me since water is the only thing I will be putting in my body during the hunger strike. I don't trust the tap water, despite assurances that Rome has excellent water from the mountains, and I certainly will not drink anything out of a plastic bottle, which will be infested with bisphenol A, or any water that contains fluoride. As it turns out, the stores in Rome carry only one water that fits the bill, Fiuggi, which, low and behold, is also the water of choice at the Vatican.

This is the second indication that the Vatican clerics know all about the Global Depopulation Policy and are doing everything they can to protect themselves and everything they must not to tell the flock.

Although a bottle of Fiuggi water is three times more expensive than any other water in the grocery store and my budget is pathetic, I have no choice but to buy it. After all, you are what you drink and if my only sustenance is water during the hunger strike it better be the best water if I am to function as best I can.





VIDEO ONE
APPEAL TO POPE FRANCIS



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pIIRzWF27Sc>

DAY 5
(Wednesday, 23 April 2014)
POLICE CONFRONTATION

With only a couple of hundred dollars in the pocket and no income source it will be impossible to survive for long in Rome, which is one of the world's most expensive cities. To secure funds I have to do something and do it fast. The obvious thing to do is tell people of my predicament and ask for help, so I spend the morning drafting the text of an appeal to donors and the rest of the day shooting it in stages on the grounds of St. Peter's Square.

Just before noon our filming session is interrupted by a police cruiser. The cops tell us to stop filming on St. Peter's Square without permission. I point out that everyone is filming or photographing on the square and that none of these tourists have permission. The cops said we have professional equipment and that we need press passes to film with professional equipment. I explained that our equipment is run of the mill and certainly not professional and that we are just tourists trying to shoot a non-commercial video for our own use and not accredited journalists working for a network but they would have none of it and asked us to stop filming or leave the square. We stopped filming and moved on to avoid confrontation.

Late afternoon we returned to the square to resume filming our appeal to donors. Within minutes another police cruisers appeared and we were told to stop because no one is allowed to film in the square after 6 PM. The pretext to prohibit filming had changed but I was not going to argue with the cops so we stopped filming and moved to the edge of the square where we resumed our work. But once again the cruiser showed up and ordered us to stop filming despite being on the edge of the square. The cops became abusive and insulted Nick and I in Italian not knowing that I speak the language rather well.

Unbeknown to us the entire incident was being filmed and broadcast live via satellite by a Mexican film crew, which also interviewed me once we were thrown out of the square by the Roman police. We subsequently received a copy of the report they produced and we posted it on You Tube along our own video footage of the incident.

Rather angered by the abuse we suffered, Nick and I resolved to go to the Vatican Press Office the next day and lodge a formal complaint against the police.

It was an exhausting day.





VIDEO BY MEXICAN TELEVISION CREW



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z_kqP61o4fQ

OUR VIDEO OF THE POLICE CONFRONTATION



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pQVIjMOnWRk>

DAY 6
(Thursday, 24 April 2014)
SHARK INFESTED WATERS

Still angered by our encounter with the cops Nick and I go to the Press Office of the Holy See as soon as we finish our morning chores and ask to speak to someone in a position of authority. We are told the Deputy Director, Monsignor [Ciro Benedettini](#), will come to speak with us and we should take a seat.

Monsignor Benedettini is an affable man who listens intently and politely as we explain to him that I am in Rome to hunger strike until Pope Francis comes to the people's defense and speaks publicly about the covert methods of depopulation employed by governments around the world. Visibly impressed by my sacrifice he reaches out and touches my shoulder while expressing his appreciation, a gesture that I find genuine and heartfelt. We then narrate to him our encounter with the police and explain that we are not professional journalists and therefore do not require press accreditation to film on public land be it in Vatican City or in Rome. He assures us that he will meet and speak with the police in the afternoon and that we will not be bothered again. He explains that the police are tense because more than forty heads of state have arrived in Rome for the upcoming canonizations and security is understandably tight.

Most interestingly, Monsignor Benedettini is brutally frank about the Vatican's intimate knowledge of the covert methods of depopulation employed by secular authorities and which I outline briefly. He says: *"We have been fighting this for decades"*. I reply: *"Then why not tell people how they are being poisoned so they can protect themselves."* He lifts his shoulders and shakes his head and then says that *"the Church is doing everything it can to protect the people"*. I explain to him that what the Church is doing is not enough, which is why the poisoning continues and people have no clue that they and their children are being poisoned since 1945. He falls silent.

On the way home Nick and I cannot believe what we have just heard: a clear confirmation of Vatican's knowledge of covert depopulation measures. We wish we had taped the conversation but then agree that Monsignor Benedettini is too nice a gentleman and that even if we had taped his confession we would not have released the recording and embarrass him.

His honesty gives Nick and I hope that Pope Francis will be equally frank and will tell people the truth. I try to imagine him stepping onto the papal balcony too address an audience of hundreds of thousands of worshippers and tourists. I try to imagine the people's consternation, then their rage at finding out that for more than six decades they have been poisoned into sterility, ill-health, obedience and stupidity by their own elected governments. I try to imagine what I should do or say if I am asked to speak.





Until such time as the Vatican speaks, I will fill the void. I am beginning to fear, however, that the people to whom millions look up for spiritual and moral guidance have none to give.

In the afternoon, Nick and I find a quiet park bench where I narrate for the camera the police incident so as to put it in perspective and protest our abuse and mistreatment:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sbeapV0AuuQ>

The days have been so eventful and my schedule so full that I have scarce thought about food and have not once felt hunger. Every hunger strike is different and I am glad this time the first week is easier than ever before and I am hunger free. I feared the hunger or cravings might interfere with the work and prevent me from concentrating on what I have to do.

In the evening I send word to WHDT Miami, the television station that interviewed me prior to my arrival in Rome, that since I am fast approaching a week of hunger strike the time has come to do the first interview from Rome, as they promised they would. But I get no response. Whoever is delegating the media, whether it is the US State Department or the Council on Foreign Relations, has not given the OK for a second interview. The capitalist system is as tightly controlled as the communist system was; but while the people living behind the Iron Curtain were fully aware of the careful propaganda they were subjected to, the citizens of the so-called free world are for the most part oblivious.

It is becoming increasingly clear to me that the American authorities are trying to use me to soften Pope Francis and weaken the Church's stance on contraceptives in advance of President Obama's upcoming arrival in Rome, which is scheduled to take place on April 27. While I do not resent the fact that the Americans are trying to take advantage of an opportunity, I do resent the fact that they are trying to contain and control my message. I also resent the fact that all of a sudden the social media and my Facebook account are being bombarded with articles and messages that vilify the Vatican and demonize Pope Francis. This strategy is not to my liking and the distortions of the truth that it requires are even less so.

If the politicians and secular authorities want a change of course they can achieve it by simply stating the truth and presenting the facts.

But I have entered the dirty world of politics and I will have to struggle hard to remain clean and not to be besmirched by the machinations of others. The waters of global politics are shark infested and I am the only one swimming in them and swimming bare-naked.

DAY 7
(Friday, 25 April 2014)
A DAY AT THE COLISEUM

It has been a week today and Pope Francis remains as quiet as a church mouse. During this time my weight has dropped to 84.5 Kg, which means I lost 8 kg. The time has come to up the ante. If I do not hear from the Vatican by the end of the day I will start making my presence felt through daily prayer sessions on St. Peter's Square. I will wear striking white clothes to be visible and to stand out in the thickest crowd so people will know my presence means more than meets the eye; that it is a form of protest in a language the Church understands, the language of religion.

Hoping that I lost enough weight to fit in my angelic looking kurta pajama, which I purchased in India ten years ago, at a time when I practiced Ashtanga Yoga and was thin and fit, I get dressed and walk in front of the mirror. It is a little tight in the chest but otherwise it fits well. I breathe a sigh of relief because I have nothing else to wear that would fit the occasion.

Today we are meeting Tom Shaker at the Coliseum to continue filming the first segment of the documentary we resolved to shoot while here in Rome. Yesterday we shot the first scenes at the Piazza Navona after frantically drafting the necessary script.

Tom volunteered to show us a good site for today's shoot. Being completely unprepared for such an endeavor I spend an hour in the morning drafting the text for the scenes we intend to shoot once on location, just as I did yesterday. I decide to call this first video segment "Methods of Depopulation", since that is the most urgent information I want the public to know about. It will take us a few days to shoot, but what a treat it is to have the city of Rome as the backdrop!

Tom is a riot and Nick and I have a chance to talk to him at an outdoor café and get to know each other. His presence in Rome and familiarity with the city gives us both a bit of comfort. Should we get into trouble, we have someone to turn to for help.

The evening is dedicated to editing work and to getting the video footage to Sweden where it is being produced into short videos and eventually, if I ever have the money, into a full-length documentary. But first, Nick and I walk to the grocery store where he stocks up on beer, his preferred beverage, and I stock up on water, my one and only sustenance until such time as my body tells me it is time to augment my starvation diet with fruit juice.

Nick, with a little long-distance help from Johannes, managed to fix all the technical problems that have plagued us thus far. As a result, we are extremely happy with the fruit of our labors today.







DAY 8
(Saturday, 26 April 2014)
FIRST PRAYER ON THE DAY OF DAYS

I had hoped this day would never come since I dislike public display and detest being the center of attention. But Pope Francis and his cardinals are in hiding and I need to force them out of hiding.

As expected, I am a little nervous – or more accurately shy – as I walk towards St. Peter's Square in my hand-woven, white cotton, Gandhian garb. At the same time, the kurta gives me a feeling of otherworldliness, purity and untouchability. The moment I stepped out into the street on this bright, sunny, spring day, dressed like this, I felt different, special, like an enhanced version of me, Kevin plus something esoteric, maybe even divine. In this cloth I am a religious figure without a religion or, more accurately, a spiritual figure bringing to life a new spirituality with a new morality that is yet to be named. I feel it is preordained, but I keep my thoughts and feelings to myself.

Nick walks by my side pretending, like me, to be just another day and just another walk. But we both know otherwise. This is not just another day. This is the day. This day will one day be recognized for what it is, a historic day, a day of days, regardless whether the Vatican or the media acknowledge it or not. On this day, a New Axial Age is born.

By the water fountain, sprouting from the Vatican wall, we stop, as we have planned, and I take off my shoes, place them in Nick's backpack and let him get a head start so he can set up the camera and film my arrival. This is a routine that we establish on this first day since I will always walk onto the hollowed grounds of St. Peter's Square barefoot, as a sign of humility and to emphasize the holiness of my mission, which is to save humanity from self-destruction.

Never has there been a greater mission.

The black pavement stones are warm from the sun and feel almost soft. In front of me is the massive colonnade, four columns deep, hewn out of travertine, a cream-colored limestone of indescribable beauty. Beggars ply their ancient trade among the throngs of tourists and faithful, as I climb the stairs up to the colonnade and then down onto the square proper. My heart beats like a hammer on an anvil but there is no going back. I am here to make history and history I will make.

I walk with firm steps and trembling knees with my gaze on the ground as in a trance towards the marble marker of the West Wind, which is part of the dial that surrounds the giant Obelisk at the center of the square. I place my feet on each side of the carved face with my back to the Obelisk and my face to the Basilica, close my eyes, clasp my hands, take a deep breath and go into the Lovelight, where I am home.









DAY 9
(Sunday, 27 April 2014)
CANONIZATION MADNESS

Went to bed at 1AM and woke up at 8AM feeling fresh and strong on my 9th day of hunger strike. There is still no hunger whatsoever and no discomfort. The weight loss has slowed down considerably since the body has reached its first point of resistance. In the last two days, although I have walked at least 30Km, I have only lost 400 grams and now weigh 84.1 Kg. This means I have lost 8.4 Kg so far, and that translates to 9% of my initial body weight.

I am beginning to enter a state of grace, as I like to call it. The mind acquires clarity and the eyes mirror the mind and look piercingly clear. All other senses are enhanced, including the sense of smell, which one would think would be a source of constant anguish but it is not. I smell food everywhere but my hunger instinct is not responding, it is shut down, like a light switch.

This freedom from eating is extraordinarily liberating, as it frees the spirit and the soul from the imprisonment of matter, if only for a few days or weeks.

After taking care of communication and the matters related to the filming of the documentary, Nick and I set out towards the Vatican City to witness the canonization, or at least be a part of the crowd from a distance since the square was closed to the public and was reserved only for officials and the catholic delegations of various nations.

Once the ceremony was over, however, we were able to make our way through the c. 1 million people strong crowd down Via della Conciliazione (Avenue of Conciliation), which leads straight to St. Peter's square and looks rather grand and elegant. And as luck would have it, we managed to see Pope Francis driving past in his bullet proof mobile. This was more than we expected, since we only hoped to get video footage of the throngs of people that we could then use for the sound recording we will make later today and in which I will discuss the covert methods of depopulation.

Our work continues at a relentless pace, but both Nick and I feel very privileged to be doing this.





VIDEO CLIP OF POPE FRANCIS ON CANONIZATION DAY

27 April 2014



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dk4XW6FyHVo>





DAY 10
(Monday, 28 April 2014)
A DIFFICULT DAY

It is DAY 10 of my hunger strike and I feel excellent. My weight this morning is 83.5 Kg, which means I only lost 600 grams since yesterday. All in all, I have lost 9 Kilograms so far, or a tad over 10% of my initial body weight. But the good news is that soon I will be at my ideal weight of 80 Kg. So there is a lot of life left in me. It will be a couple of months before I keel over on St. Peter's steps, if Pope Francis continues to remain silent.

To give the man the benefit of the doubt, we must not forget that he has been extremely busy with Easter and then the canonization. I have no doubt that he will do the right thing in good time. To make sure the Vatican has no excuse and cannot claim to have been unaware of my hunger strike, I send periodic updates to Radio Vaticano and L'Osservatore Romano, thus the Vatican radio and newspaper, as well as the Vatican administration. So far, I have received no response.

If the silence continues, I will begin issuing open letters at the rate of one a week and they will contain information the Vatican would go to great lengths to keep secret.

Nick and I have a very difficult day ahead of us. We need to shoot video footage in one location, some 7 Km away from home, we need to do a voice recording of the methods of depopulation for a soon to be release 5 minute film, and I need to make my appearance on St. Peter's square for my second prayer day. And all of this, we must do on foot since we cannot afford to pay for transportation.

Let's hope we will get it all done. In any case one thing is certain, by the time we get back home we will be exhausted yet our work will be nowhere near over. But that is the pace we keep here for that is what it takes to break the system.

Those of you who watch and listen must come to our aid in concrete terms. I hope you will, otherwise all our efforts will have been in vain.

DAY 11
(Tuesday, 29 April 2014)
INTERNET COLLAPSE

We have no Internet. Do to the large uploads of video footage we have exhausted our capacity for the month and are now unable to communicate with the outside world. To make matters worse I have a radio interview tonight. The day will be a complete write-off unless we find a way to get back online.

It takes us six hours of running around to get back online and just barely on time for the radio interview with Italian activist Haneul Na'avi, which luckily went without a glitch and that you can listen to here:

<http://thelastdefense2012.tumblr.com/post/85542982006/e0026-killing-us-softly-interview-with-kevin-galalae>

The degree to which we were incapacitated by our Internet failure made clear why only this generation, the digital communications generation, succeeded in breaking down the system's censorship, control, manipulation and propaganda walls; walls that protected the terrible secrets of global depopulation for nearly seven decades, but that now are crumbling faster than melting ice.

Prior to the World Wide Web national authorities could immediately isolate and contain individuals who glimpsed the truth and attempted to inform others. Since the media has been part and parcel of the control system and an active and important member of the deception since the very beginning of the post-World War II international system of depopulation/globalization, no one could inform more than just a few individuals locally before being silenced. How many people paid with their lives for wanting to free the truth we will probably never know but the number must be in the thousands. What is clear is that those who could not be intimidated into silence or whose silence could not be bought were killed without hesitation.

As the baton of the depopulation effort was passed on to the third generation the fervor diminished and with it the brutality. Moreover, the inner circle grew much larger and much stronger as the decades past and today it has little to fear because all national establishments of power as well as the entire international structure is culpable in the genocide.

There is no need to kill when there is no one to fear. No one can challenge the depopulation lobby today because all power structures are in on it. This is a frightening thought and forebodes a catastrophic and violent revolution that will end up in unprecedented bloodshed unless a safeguard has been built into the system that goes well beyond the phony international courts and the useless non-governmental organizations.



METHODS OF DEPOPULATION VIDEO



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Hj3LGvWWLU>



DAY 12
(Wednesday, 30 April 2014)
SLEEPLESS IN ROME

It is DAY 12 of my hunger strike in Rome and despite a frustrating day yesterday, due to the fact that we wasted half of it to get back online, I continue to be in top physical shape. My weight this morning is 81.9 Kg, which means that I have lost 10.6 Kg so far.

Yesterday I appeared for the third time in St. Peter's square in my Gandhian clothes and did my third prayer. The police are staying away from me and Nick and we were at no time disturbed or harassed. The people in the square are respectful and very curious but politely watch and give me the room and peace I need to complete my prayer. Nick films me while I carry out my meditation with my eyes closed and turned inward towards the Lovelight.

Having exceeded our data capacity two days ago, our internet was shut down and this set us into a panic. We called the landlord and luckily he is a wonderful man and came immediately to our aid. He spent the entire afternoon with us getting us back online. In the end we had to purchase a new SIM card to double our monthly data allowance, which we had exhausted in one week because we need to transfer dozens of video files to Sweden where they are processed and edited by a very talented and hardworking member of our team who has become absolutely critical to our success here in Rome.

In a day or two, you will be able to watch a 20 minute documentary describing the methods of depopulation that we shot entirely here in Rome. We used famous locations that are also extraordinarily cinematic so the video will have great visual appeal.

I cannot begin to tell you how tiring it is to do a documentary, let alone do it without any means whatsoever and all on foot since Nick and I cannot afford even a bus ride so we have to walk some 20 Km every day. And of course, I am doing all of this while on hunger strike. But that is how inexhaustible and incredible the human body is. And that is what I am here to protect; the integrity of our children's minds and bodies, which are sacred but are being destroyed with covert chemical and biological means that have turned the basic elements of life (food, water and air) into weapons of mass sterility and selective morbidity.

I did my first radio interview yesterday, hosted by two interviewers, one Italian (Haneul Na'avi) and the other American (Michael Bielawski). Tomorrow morning I will have to wake up at 4AM to do a live one hour interview with an American radio host. The Romanian media has also contacted me yesterday and promised to publish an article with links to my work and hunger strike timeline.





I ask all of you who read this to take an active role in this mission. None of us can afford to remain passive observers. You do so at the cost of your children's health and even lives, as well as at the cost of your genetic line which is being extinguished day by day in a slow kill of perverse conception.

Share my Hunger Strike Timeline with each and all and donate a few dollars to keep us afloat.

Thank you.

DAY 13
(Thursday, 1 May 2014)
UNTIL WE TRIUMPH

It is DAY 13 of my hunger strike at the Vatican and the scale shows my weight at 81.1 Kg, which means that I have lost 10.1 Kg so far. I continue to feel no hunger and no discomfort whatsoever and to be in great physical shape and in even better spirits. In fact, I feel better than when I first began the hunger strike; more energetic, lighter, and less prone to fatigue, which is why I am having no problems maintaining a murderous work schedule.

Last night, I had to wake up at 2AM to give a radio interview for the American listeners of Radio Rense. The interview was hosted by Mike Harris, a well informed and very professional host with an audience of 3 million listeners. It was by far the largest audience I, and anyone else for that matter, has addressed on the issue of depopulation.

The interview is available here: http://mediaarchives.gsradio.net/mike_harris/hr1043014.mp3

Nick filmed the interview from our side and it is very interesting to see the panic he and I were in due to the fact that both of us overslept and nearly missed the interview and then, to make matters worse, our internet failed just 2 minutes before the interview was to commence. Luckily we had set up everything (camera angles, lighting, audio) the previous evening. Somehow we got it working again, but while I was talking to an audience of at least a million people, Nick, was running around the room in his underwear trying to get the three cameras and all the audio equipment working at the last second, just in time to go on air live.

The interview lasted one hour and went very well indeed. Relieved to have met another commitment I went back to sleep at 4:15AM and slept soundly until 9AM. Nick however stayed up importing all the footage as well as separate audio files and uploaded everything unto DropBox to make it available to our editor in Sweden.

Having gone through a couple of hundred Facebook, LinkedIn and Outlook emails and messages this morning, I am now crafting this update for all of you after which Nick and I will be heading to St. Peter's square for my daily and public prayer in my Indian clothes.

It is becoming easier and easier from day to day to walk into this enormous square that is always filled with people and to face the curious looks at my strange and conspicuous attire and my bare feet. But I go inward and enter a meditative state that dissolves all my personal inhibitions and lends me the peace to fade out the outside world and immerse myself in that other world. The first day I did this, my heart was beating like a locomotive while yesterday it was as calm as Buddha's.



To reason I am doing this daily, is to remind Pope Francis that I am still here and await the day when he musters the courage to speak the truth so the world can advance to a higher level of being and so that decency and sanity are once again at the heart of our civilization.

I am here and here to stay until we triumph over evil and our children are safe.







DAY 14
(Friday, 2 May 2014)
I AM THE SPEAR

It is DAY 14 of my hunger strike and I am thriving. I feel better than ever before and am inexhaustible. The scales show my weight at 81 Kg today, which means I lost only a paltry 100 grams since yesterday. That could be related to the fact that I only walked 8 Km yesterday. Total loss so far is 11.5 Kg or 12.4% of my initial body weight.

Still no sign of life from Pope Francis or the Catholic hierarchy. They seem to be in hiding, but this is the era of the internet and in this era you can run but you can't hide.

The media is coming to life. Next week I am booked for four radio interviews. The people are coming to life too and support has started to trickle in so that we don't have to abandon what we have started simply because we don't have enough money to pay the rent here in Rome. That would be awfully embarrassing and the genocidal lobby would have a ball ridiculing us.

Nick has caught a cold and will stay indoors today to recover. I am afraid I am running him down given the feverish pace we are keeping. But it is all so incredibly rewarding to see that people who stood on the fence and waited for the wind to change are now coming out and joining our ranks. To those of you who are still shy and reluctant I say this; it is now or never. Do not labor under the false comfort that the battle for our children's lives can be won by me alone. It cannot be. To save your children and your genetic line you too must come to the barricades. And you don't need courage to do this, because no one will shoot you down. We have made progress and in our times the big battles are won with arguments and ideals not with guns and force. Truth, justice and compassion are our ammunition and we can never run out of that.

Later in the day, I will make my way to St. Peter's square on this rainy afternoon and do my daily prayer. The pure white of my kurta pajama will be like a piercing sword straight into Pope Francis' conscience. I will be in his front yard every day until I either die of hunger or he speaks the truth.

By the evening Nick feels better and we meet Tom on Piazza Navona to pick up the first six copies of my just published book.

Join me from close and from afar so we can demolish the walls of deception, the castles of lies, the mentality of greed, and the hypocrisy that masquerades as decency.

I am the spear, but it is you who must throw it into the heart of the beast.

DAY 15
(Saturday, 3 May 2014)
ONLY MAN CAN STOP MAN

It is DAY 15 of my hunger strike and as I woke up this morning, forgetting for an instant that I'm not eating, I had bacon and eggs on my mind. Remarkably, it was habit and not hunger that caused this thought because I continue to feel no hunger whatsoever and no discomfort either.

The scale shows my weight at 80.9 Kg this morning, that's 100 grams lower than yesterday, and this meager weight loss signals that my body has reached its second point of resistance. This is no surprise to me since 80 Kg is my ideal weight. But that also means that from now on my body will begin to struggle and my mind to suffer along with it. During my previous hunger strikes I reached this point a lot sooner so perhaps I will be spared the agony of constant cravings for a few more days. Every hunger strike is completely different and it is therefore impossible to predict. What is certain is that my ability to go without food has increased not decreased from one hunger strike to the next, which is an observation worth noting if only for the sake of science.

The mind is crisp and clear and I have more energy than I know what to do with, which is why I find it nearly impossible to be idle. It is also the urgency and importance of my mission that drives me to work without stop, because every day counts and is measured in countless premature deaths and unquantifiable illness and suffering.

It is a miserable, rainy day in Rome and since we have no money for transportation and have to walk everywhere, the plan for today is to craft a letter to Pope Francis summing up my last two weeks of hunger strike at his doorstep and attach a copy of my just published book, "Killing Us Softly", as well as a photograph of one of my prayer sessions in St. Peter's square. That way, he will not be able to pretend that he was unaware of my presence here in Rome.

On this day, I want to say a few words about the nature of the beast that we are fighting. When the international community decided in 1945 never again to repeat the experience of a world war, it also agreed that a substitute to war had to be found and the only one available is population control. Unable to legislate family size restrictions they began attacking our reproductive systems in secret by poisoning our basic elements of life, the water and the food, since that is the only way to reach the entire population and subvert human fertility en masse. In the process, they have caused irreparable damage to our health and have downgraded the genetic and intellectual endowment of humanity, enfeebling our species and terminating 2 out of every 10 lineages in the developed world.

Our governments and the international community, with the blessings of our religious authorities – be they Catholic, Protestant, Anglican, Orthodox or any other denomination – have in effect become intrinsic parts of a global genocide machine, because only man can stop man. Devoid of



KILLING US SOFTLY

The Global
Depopulation Policy

KEVIN MUGUR GALALAE



enemies or predators, the human species has become victim of its own success and unless stopped will destroy all life on earth by outgrowing earth's carrying capacity. It is difficult to fathom that every institution of government and every international organization is an Enemy of Mankind, but that is the brutal reality the common man will have to face if we are to change course.

The only way to stop the Enemies of Mankind from poisoning us into extinction is by voluntarily restricting ourselves to no more than two children per couple. The elites believe we lack the intelligence and will to grasp this reality, but they are wrong.

By coming forward en masse we can prove them wrong. By sticking your heads in the sand and waiting for a miracle to happen you will have made yourselves accessories to mass murder and indirectly responsible for the termination of your own family.

Absent mass action on our part, the authorities will not stop poisoning us because they cannot allow the fertility rates to revert to natural levels, which would see the global population double from 7 to 14 billion in just 30 years from now; a growth that cannot be possibly accommodated and even if it could be accommodated, by some miracle, it is unsustainable.

Salvation can only come from you.

LETTER TO POPE FRANCIS AT TWO WEEKS OF HUNGER STRIKE

3 May 2014

Your Holiness,

For the past two weeks, I have been starving at your doorsteps to empower you to come to the people's defense by speaking the truth and breaking rank with the coalition of the unwilling that keeps in place an international system bent on genocide and sustained by mutual coercion mutually agreed upon in the false hope that humanity can be saved from self-destruction by secretly rendering us sterile through low-intensity, sub-lethal chemical and biological poisoning and by subverting the family structure through psychosocial and economic means.

I am here to unshackle you so you can deliver us from evil. I am here to hear your public confession so the people of the world can give the Church the absolution it needs to be freed from the encirclement of evil and the burden of falsehood and duplicity by which it keeps the Church hostage. I am here to ensure the truth will set us free, both the Church and the People. I am here to return the world to sanity and to restore hope, faith and love to their rightful place, at the very heart of our civilization.

Have faith in humanity for that is the only way man can learn to live in the image of God. Give people the truth and they will see the light. The Second Coming is our coming. Truth is God and we cannot embody the divine in our personal lives and social actions without knowing the truth. By depriving us of the truth you are depriving us of God.

God resides between good and evil, at the point where the two intersect and where the equilibrium of life is held. Humankind cannot restore the balance of life that we have destroyed through our civilization without being allowed to reside between good and evil.

The Church has attempted to do this for us to spare us the agony of heartrending decisions, but in so doing it has arrested our evolution towards a higher level of being, one that brings us a step closer to God so that we may preserve His Creation the way He intended.

We are ready to evolve, but lies and deception stand in our way. Stop protecting a system that has long ceased to be a force of good and has decayed into an embodiment of evil. Nature is continuously renewing itself. Human civilization must do the same or else stagnate and decay.

The time has come for you to choose between what is good for the Church and what is good for Humanity. Choose the former and the Church will wither. Choose the latter and the Church will thrive.

Every day, I come to St. Peter's in humility, barefoot and in pure white and pray to God that you will find the courage, love and wisdom to come to the people's defense before the world is engulfed in flames.

I will continue to starve myself until you speak the truth or I die.

With utmost respect,

Kevin Galalae

Hope Francis,
May you find the courage
and wisdom to speak the truth
and help secure mankind
from actj-diffusion.

John



DAY 16
(Sunday, 4 May 2014)
IN A STATE OF GRACE

It is DAY 16 of my hunger strike and I feel physically strengthened, mentally heightened and spiritually in a state of grace. I don't understand how it is possible to thrive under the current conditions, but I am thriving and that is ultimately all that matters. This morning, I weigh 80.2 Kg, which means I am 700 grams lighter than yesterday.

Nick has recovered from his cold after two days of staying at home where he spent his time catching up editing photographs. Today, he and I have a very long and difficult day as we intend to shoot on four different locations and complete a new segment for our documentary. Since we are always on foot due to our meager budget, we will be walking at least 30 Km today. The segment we will be working on describes the three phases of the Global Depopulation Policy.

In addition to our work on the documentary, we will also have to go to St. Peter's for my daily prayer.

You must all know that I emailed the letter I wrote to Pope Francis yesterday to three different Vatican agencies and that today my original English letter is being translated into Italian, at which point I will send it to Pope Francis by Vatican registered mail. That way Pope Francis and the Vatican establishment will have received an update on my presence in Rome from multiple sources and this will prevent them from pretending that they did not know about me.

Today is the day we are releasing our 20 minute documentary about the covert methods of depopulation. It was all shot here in Rome during the first 10 days of my hunger strike.

Wish us good luck. We are sending you our warmest greetings from Rome.

DAY 17
(Monday, 5 May 2014)
DISGUSTING HYPOCRISY

It is DAY 17 of my hunger strike and I continue to be without hunger and feeling perfectly well. The only change I have noticed so far is a deterioration of my eyesight. My clothes are getting looser by the day and soon I won't have anything left to wear that fits. My weight this morning is 79.9 Kg, which means I have lost 300 grams since yesterday and 12.6 Kg since I first started the hunger strike.

Yesterday was an extremely disappointing day because all our efforts were completely in vain. We had technical difficulties and almost everything we shot is useless. Today, we will have to redo nearly everything we filmed yesterday and that means I have to memorize not only yesterday's text but also today's. It also means that we have to retrace our steps and walk twice as long as yesterday in order to get to yesterday's and today's locations. So Nick and I have our work cut out for ourselves. Luckily we solved our technical problems.

The Vatican and Pope Francis continue to remain silent. The Vatican media, both radio and print, are equally quiet, as is the Italian media. But their silence speaks volumes about the Vatican's complicity in genocide. What astounds me is that these so-called men of the cloth have the temerity to appear before their worshippers and masquerade as the moral authority of the Christian world. That kind of hypocrisy is simply disgusting and by engaging in such behavior and duplicity they will cause the demise of the Church. In my next letter to Pope Francis I will tell the world how the Church has staged the assassination of Pope Paul II in order to be able to give a false interpretation to Fatima's third vision, knowing that Fatima's prediction, which spells the end of the Catholic Church, is directly related to the Church's complicity in the Global Depopulation Policy and therefore in crimes against humanity.

Incredible changes are coming and it will all start here in Rome. Let's hope they will not start with my premature death.





DAY 18
(Tuesday, 6 May 2014)
TELEVISION INTERVIEW

It is DAY 18 of my hunger strike and I feel splendid. This morning the scales show my weight at 79 Kg, that's 13.5 Kg less than my initial body weight. Due to the rapid weight loss, I am beginning to feel as though I were inhabiting a strange body and not my own. My clothes tell the same story because I am swimming in them.

Not a single peep from the Vatican, which only confirms its collusion in genocide. Were that not the case, Pope Francis would have jumped at the opportunity to restore the badly bruised reputation of the Church with respect to its pedophile priests. Instead, the Vatican is sacrificing the wellbeing of 7 billion people on the planet and using my life as leverage in its backroom negotiations with the UN, which is currently considering accusing the Vatican of torture with respect to the child abuse fiasco that the Catholic Church hid from the world for decades. The Vatican's negotiators are saying to the UN 'we will stay quiet about Kevin Galalae and continue to hide the crimes the UN and governments throughout the world are committing against mankind for the sake of the Global Depopulation Policy, if you will continue to protect us from criminal and civil liability with respect to our pedophile priests.' And that is the Christian world's moral authority. Is it any wonder that the West, and by extension the entire world, is in such dire straits!

Little by little, I am exposing our so-called moral leaders for what they are, frauds. With every day that passes and every pound I lose, the Catholic Church, and religious authorities throughout the world (because they all have a responsibility to speak up but none do) loses another pillar of its moral standing in the world. And if its cardinals continue to stick their heads in the sand the entire edifice will soon crumble on their arrogant and self-serving heads.

But we must take it one day at a time. And for today, Nick and I have scheduled a shoot at one of the many Roman catacombs to complete the third segment of our documentary, which deals with the three phases of depopulation. Nick and I continue to walk over 20 Km on every single day and to nurture our blisters on every single evening, but life is glorious and what we are doing here is the most important thing that is done anywhere in the world at this time in our turbulent history.

In the evening I am to give my second television interview to WHDT-Miami who are finally living up to their promise to cover my hunger strike.

Greetings from Rome!

TELEVISION INTERVIEW WITH WHDT-MIAMI



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NG_tcCLUhCg





DAY 19
(Wednesday, 7 May 2014)
A DAY TO RECOVER

It is DAY 19 of my hunger strike and the only physical change I have noticed as I walked to St. Peter's for my daily prayer is a slight feeling of vertigo. Otherwise I appear to be in perfect health and still undisturbed by hunger.

The scales show that I lost only 100 grams since yesterday, which means that I now weigh 78.9 Kg, or 173 pounds. The total weight loss to date is 13.6 Kg or 30 pounds. This means that my body has shrunk by 14.7% and that is has done so by losing an average of 1.6 pounds a day or three quarters of a kilogram.

The Vatican and Pope Francis show no sign of life with respect to my presence here and the global depopulation issue. Today, I happened to go to St. Peter's at the same time as Pope Francis blessed the crowd and held a service during which he spoke of prayer as the means by which to ask God for advice. It looks like God has not advised Pope Francis that it is immoral and criminal to be complicit in a global program of poisoning the innocent population. I guess Pope Francis prays to a different God than I do and follows an entirely different legal code than the rest of us and that ostensibly finds mass murder to be perfectly acceptable.

Nick and I have one more scene to shoot in order to finish segment three of our documentary, which deals with the three phases of depopulation. The catacombs were our intended location today but we are too exhausted to stay with the schedule and have decided to catch up with the editing work instead.

Today, WHDT-Miami, the same American television station that has aired my pre-hunger strike interview to an audience of six million a few weeks ago, will broadcast a short interview that I gave last night via Skype intermixed with some of our own background footage. I will post it as soon as it is archived.

Segment two of our documentary, which is 25 minutes long and deals with the methods of depopulation, is going up on YouTube and shortly after on my hunger strike timeline in a few hours. We are very excited to present it to you and we would appreciate your continuing financial support so we can finish what we have started.

Please don't forget to share this with everyone you know and care about, for that is the only way we can break the wall of silence behind which the elites hide the crimes they are committing against us.

DAY 20
(Thursday, 8 May 2014)
ALTAR OF THE FATHERLAND

It is DAY 20 of my hunger strike and I am absolutely exhausted from a day of walking, busing, filming, and navigating through this giant city. Physically I am well and hunger is still absent though the body is now in wait mode and seems to be asking ‘when is the next meal coming?’ There was some dizziness and a few moments of chest pain towards the end of the day, but I think they are both related to the exertion rather than the hunger because this morning I felt as spry as a spring chicken.

The scales show I have lost another 100 grams since yesterday and that means that I now weigh 78.8 Kg or circa 173 pounds. My shoulders and arms have started to feel skinny and my neck has also visibly thinned. The good part is that I now fit perfectly well in my white Indian suit, the kurta pajama.

Today was somewhat frustrating because it took us almost two hours to get to the Catacombs of Priscilla, the oldest in Rome, only to be told we are not allowed to film inside or even take photographs. It was our intended filming location for the day and we had to scramble and find another one that is suitable to the script I had prepared. In the end, we shot at the “Altar of the Fatherland” in Piazza Venezia, a famous landmark built in the memory of Victor Emanuel II, the man who unified Italy, and housing the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier to honor every soldier who lost his life during the First World War and remains unidentified.

We just barely managed to film the three clips we needed to when we were told to stop filming by the soldiers and security personnel guarding the monument because our equipment looked professional and we could not make a documentary without a permit.

Despite all the setbacks we now have all the shots we need to put together segment 4 of our documentary, which deals with the phases of depopulation. It will not be longer than 5 minutes and we should be able to have it out in a few days.

Even though I did not come to Italy with the intention of filming a documentary, Nick’s presence here and our technical support in Sweden is enabling us to do a lot more than I intended. If I should die here in Rome while asking the Vatican coterie to act like the moral authority of the Christian world rather than pretend while in fact engaging in the most abject forms of hypocrisy, I will at least be able to leave behind a record of the efforts and sacrifices I have made here as well as damning testimony that the Vatican is just another corrupt and useless institution that the world cannot afford and should no longer tolerate.

Last night was a late one as I gave a two-hour radio interview to an Irish audience that stretched until midnight and was unfortunately hosted by a very belligerent and unprofessional show host.





Since Nick filmed the interview we will make it available on the Hunger Strike Timeline in about a week or as soon as we can afford the extra bandwidth to upload it.

Given my state of exhaustion forgive me if I don't respond to your emails and messages today, as I will turn in early tonight.

DAY 21
(Friday, 9 May 2014)
A LIFELINE FROM CALIFORNIA

It is DAY 21 of my hunger strike and I woke up feeling somewhat sore from the grueling day we had yesterday as well as with a pesky cough and an irritated throat. Although I intended to go to bed early last night I did not manage to do so until past midnight. There was simply too much to do and if I don't stay on top of my messages and emails they become unmanageable in a single day. But that is a good sign, as it means that people are paying attention and momentum is building and that sooner or later we will have critical mass and topple the existing system before it kills us all.

The scales show that I lost 700 grams since yesterday, which means that I now weigh 78.1 Kg, or 172 pounds. The total weight loss to date is 14.4 Kg or 32 pounds. This means that my body has shrunk by nearly 16% and that is has done so by losing an average of 1.6 pounds a day or three quarters of a kilogram.

In a couple of hours, I will go to the closest Western Union office to pick up the donations that were wired by Kimberlee Schultz, an extraordinary woman who has become a pillar of this operation and who is in charge of the donations account she set up to aid me in my struggle here in Rome (<http://www.gofundme.com/5fqttc>). This money will buy us another week of rent and ensure that I can be a thorn in the Vatican's side until May 19. Beyond that we are unfunded and unable to pay the rent so I ask for your urgent support.

Our plan for today is less ambitious since I intend to only do my daily prayer at St. Peter's and then return home and prepare the text for the next segment of our documentary, which will deal with the cost in life and limb the Global Depopulation Policy has imposed on the world but also with what we have been spared due to this social engineering as well as the tragedy to come if the depopulation program continues by the same methods.

Still no word from the Vatican or Pope Francis. Last night, however, I dreamed that I was in St. Peter's doing my prayer and when I finished and opened my eyes a Vatican official with a kindly face stood before me smiling and politely said that Pope Francis wants me to visit a religious order and would I please follow him. We shall see if this comes to pass or not.

For the time being, Nick and I will stay on task and push ourselves to the very limit to accomplish what we set out to and more. But please remember that unless you become hyperactive disseminating the videos we produce here in Rome and sharing my free books and articles with your friends, who will hopefully do the same, then all our efforts will be in vain. We have to shatter the media blackout and the walls of silence, secrecy and deception erected by our governments and the international community and the only way we can do this is by our greater numbers.





Tonight, or rather early next morning, I am giving an interview to an American audience from 2 to 4 AM Italy time, which translates to 8 to 10 PM Eastern Standard Time in the US. The interview will be hosted by Karen Quinn-Tostado of the Rense Radio network. Tune in if you can.



DAY 22
(Saturday, 10 May 2014)
THREE LIVE BROADCASTS

It is DAY 22 of my hunger strike and I continue to feel healthy and strong. Yesterday's cough is almost gone and hunger has yet to return. I am however experiencing cravings and have to control them as they come.

The scales show that I have lost only 100 grams since yesterday and that means that I now weigh 78 Kg, or 171 pounds and 15 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 14.5 Kg or 32 pounds. This means that my body has shrunk by 15.7% and that is has done so by losing an average of 1.5 pounds a day or 700 grams. The numbers show that the rate at which I am losing weight has decreased, as it was expected.

Since I gave an interview from 2 to 3 AM, did not go to bed until nearly 4 AM, and slept only until 9 AM, I will probably struggle to stay awake and sharp today.

Pope Francis meets with Italian Catholic schools today and the entire city is aflood with school children from all over the country. No one can get into St. Peter's square without a ticket and as a result I could not do my prayer and had to return home. I would have liked to hear what Pope Francis has to say to the scores of children before him, as he is fully aware that their generation has been scheduled for annihilation and that as a result half of the boys before him are already shooting blanks and half of the girls will not know the joy of motherhood. Already a quarter of Italy's women are infertile or remain childless due to their husbands' damaged sperm or various psychosocial pressures. Much the same situation, of course, is to be found throughout the developed world due to the engineered demographic transition.

I will spend most of my day giving radio interviews as I am scheduled for three live broadcasts this evening. If time allows it, I will also begin to write a letter to Pope Francis to deliver at four weeks of hunger strike. As already announced, in this letter I will reveal some very inconvenient truths that will do irreparable harm to the Vatican's reputation. But no one can say that I did not warn them or given them the opportunity to save themselves the embarrassment. They will perhaps learn that silence is not a good thing to hide behind.

That is the situation on the Vatican front.

If you want to change it, please write to the Vatican hierarchy and press by sending your letters to these email addresses: ornet@ossrom.va ; info@ossrom.va ; english@vatiradio.va.

And if it is within your means to help us financially, please donate a few dollars here: <http://www.gofundme.com/5FQTTC>. We could use your help.





RADIO INTERVIEWS



1. Matt Navarro of United We Strike Radio interviews Kevin Galalae to discuss depopulation and Kevin's hunger strike in Rome and Pope Francis continuing silence (10 May 2014)
http://www.d1100863-22667.cp.blacknight.com/images/podcasts/a_Matt_Navarro_KevinGalalae_UWSMay2014.mp3
2. One hour radio presentation of the Global Depopulation Policy by Kevin Galalae on United We Strike Radio (10 May 2014)
http://www.d1100863-22667.cp.blacknight.com/images/podcasts/f_Kevin_Galalae_UWSMay2014.mp3
3. Roundtable discussion on the Global Depopulation Policy on United We Strike Radio, with Kevin Galalae, Vinny Eastwood, Am Rosen, Susanne Posel, Pamela Tartar, Larry Pinkney, Gary Hendershot and Matt Navarro
http://www.d1100863-22667.cp.blacknight.com/images/podcasts/z_UWS_201405-US_RoundTable.mp3
4. Sylvain Henry of MAD radio interviews Kevin Galalae to discuss the Global Depopulation Policy and Kevin's hunger strike at the gates of the Vatican (10 May 2014)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gFQPyWjEH-Q&feature=share>

DAY 23
(Sunday, 11 May 2014)
THE CHURCH IS NOT TIMELESS

It is DAY 23 of my hunger strike and I woke up feeling like I had been beaten with a baseball bat. This is what happens when you only sleep four and a half hours and give five interviews in a 24 hour period, speaking for a total of six hours.

By the time everything was said and done yesterday it was almost four in the morning when I finally managed to go to bed. But I am not complaining, just the contrary, because despite the exhaustion I went to bed with a feeling of accomplishment and woke up this morning at 8:30 with the same feeling of accomplishment soon amplified by the Vatican's announcement that it will update its policy on families, which I discovered in my daily Google alerts as soon as I opened my computer. This is great news, especially as it comes with the Vatican's admission that the Church is not timeless, which also implies that it is not infallible, thus paving the way for the dissolution of the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility that has stood in the way of altering previous policy positions and this could be the beginning of the end for the Vatican's refusal to allow the use of contraceptives. If that is indeed where Pope Francis and Cardinal Baldisseri are going with this, then it could also be the beginning of the end for all covert methods of depopulation, since governments across the world and the international community would be free to defuse the overpopulation bomb by legislating family size and endowing people with the responsibility and contraceptives necessary to limit their own family size.

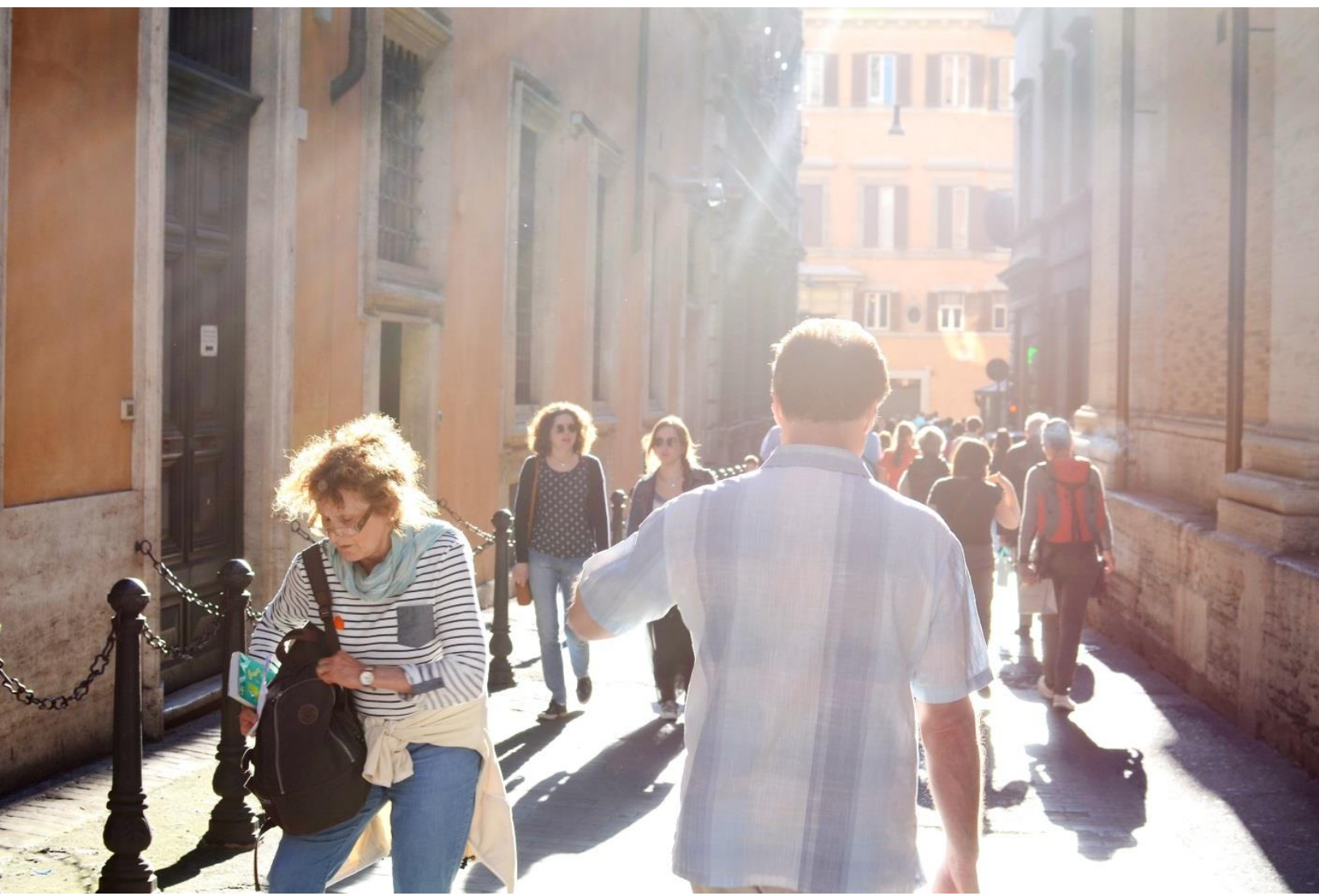
The weighing scales show that I have lost once again just a modest 100 grams since yesterday and that means that I now weigh 77.9 Kg, or 171 pounds and 12 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 14.6 Kg or just a couple of ounces over 32 pounds. This means that my body has shrunk by 15.8% and that is has done so by losing an average of 660 grams a day.

I did my prayer today on St. Peter's square amidst a sea of Brazilians singing as though their lives depended on it, which made for a very colorful and sound-rich background for my serene act of public prayer. When I opened my eyes, at the end of my 15 minutes of meditation, I discovered that hundreds of people had lined up on each side of the wooden barriers set up to control the crowd and were watching me intensely. It's a pity Nick could not be there to record it.

I must confess that I have come to love and to look forward to my daily prayers in St. Peter's square and that when this is over I will miss walking to this extraordinarily beautiful and majestic place to dedicate a part of my day to such a contemplative and soothing pursuit as prayer.

My will and my body are one with the task and I will not leave Rome until and unless Pope Francis acts.





DAY 24
(Monday, 12 May 2014)
NO GREATER IMPERATIVE

It is DAY 24 of my hunger strike and I continue to be healthy and strong. I got rid of the cough and hunger is still absent but I do find myself craving all kinds of Italian specialties and have to really control myself when I sit in the pizzeria while Nick allows himself a small slice. It is extraordinary what the mind can do if it has the proper motivation. And the motivation is rock solid not only because the battle I am fighting is of global importance and the lives of all our children depend on our victory, but also because I now receive support from thousands across the world and countless others are watching silently and hoping and praying that I will succeed.

What it boils down to is very simple. The walls of secrecy and deception have fallen and without the veil of secrecy the depopulation/globalization agenda around which the world has revolved since 1945 cannot continue by covert means, regardless how many governments and resources are poured into it. In the face of mass uproar the mightiest armies turn into ants.

The international community is fully aware that change is now inevitable and it is only a matter of when not if. But they cannot change course from hidden to open methods unless they see that we, the people, understand what is at stake and show that we will henceforth voluntarily assume responsibility for population control and that we are ready to dissolve borders and share resources with people from across the world without prejudice. This change can only come from us and it requires that we too set aside our prejudices and fears. It also requires that we stare truth in the face and accept that the days of large families are over and will never again return.

Humankind has shattered the equilibrium of nature and unless we restore it we are doomed. There is no greater imperative and from now on this will be the task of our generation and of many generations to come and this task requires a change in ethos and the evolution of each and every one of us to a global consciousness.

The weighing scales show that I have lost 400 grams since yesterday and that means I now weigh 77.5 Kg, or 170 pounds and 14 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 15 Kg or 33 pounds and one ounce. This means that my body has shrunk by 16.2% and that is has done so by losing an average of 650 grams a day or 22.9 ounces.

Yesterday, Nick and I selected the footage for segment 3 of our documentary, the phases of depopulation, and our editor is now putting it together in his studio in Sweden. Hopefully, we will be able to present it on the hunger strike timeline in the next few days.

As you care about your children, about the future, about our planet and about truth and decency then please rise and say so loud enough for the world to hear you. Awaken your friends and

fight their ignorance and apathy like it were a plague, because ignorance and apathy are our only remaining enemies.

What we do in life echoes in eternity. This is the time to do, not to watch.







DAY 25
(Tuesday, 13 May 2014)
A GIANT RIFT

It is DAY 25 of my hunger strike and I am beginning to feel feather light due to the rapid weight loss. On the walk to St. Peter's today for my daily prayer I felt a little dizzy but otherwise I am noticing no weakness and seeing no decrease in my physical abilities and, if anything, an increase in my mental abilities.

The weighing scales show that I have lost 300 grams since yesterday and that means I now weigh 77.2 Kg, or 170 pounds and 3 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 15.3 Kg or 33 pounds and eleven ounces. This means that my body has shrunk by 16.5% and that is has done so by losing an average of 637 grams a day or 22.5 ounces.

Last night, I was interviewed by Vinny Eastwood of New Zealand, who I consider a dear friend and enlightened soul, and did not go to bed until well past 3 AM. Today, I had to catch up on my sleep and it was a good day for it as the sky here in Rome is overcast and somewhat gloomy. I had a three hour nap in the afternoon and feel refreshed but a little burned out after 25 days of 18-hours a day of frenetic activity.

It's been a quiet day here in Rome during and after my daily prayer on St. Peter's square and a good day to reflect on the magnitude of the task I have undertaken. To be successful we must understand not only what is at stake, namely the lives of our children and the continuation of our genetic lines, but also how and why our own elected governments have turned against us and along with the United Nations have become in effect the enemies of mankind, at least for the short-term.

The root cause of all our problems is this giant rift between the religious and secular factions of society, between those who have put their faith in God and those who have put their faith in science. We, the people, are caught in the middle of this turf war and it is over our dead and dying bodies that this despicable war rages on as it has over the past six centuries, but with an unprecedented level of indecency since the early 1950s. Both sides are equally guilty of the damage done to humanity and equally blind in failing to see that if they simply put their faith in man all would be well.

I have planted myself firmly in the middle and will not cease ground until both sides give us the respect we deserve and the consideration we have earned. Both the religious and scientific camps ought to remember that it is from the fruits of our labor that they live. And that the only reason they can entertain their abstractions is because we, the people, create the surplus wealth that supports their endeavors and that the reason we do this is to benefit not harm humanity.

If our religious and secular leaders fail to grasp this simple reality and do it soon, we will pursue them with extreme prejudice to hell and back because that is the only way we can protect ourselves and our children from their insanities.

The interview with Vinny Eastwoow is available here:

<http://www.thevinnyeastwoodshow.com/5/post/2014/05/13-may-2014-hunger-strike-at-the-vatican-to-end-world-depopulation-agenda-kevin-galalae.html>

Or on YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IX2SAfjvhDY>

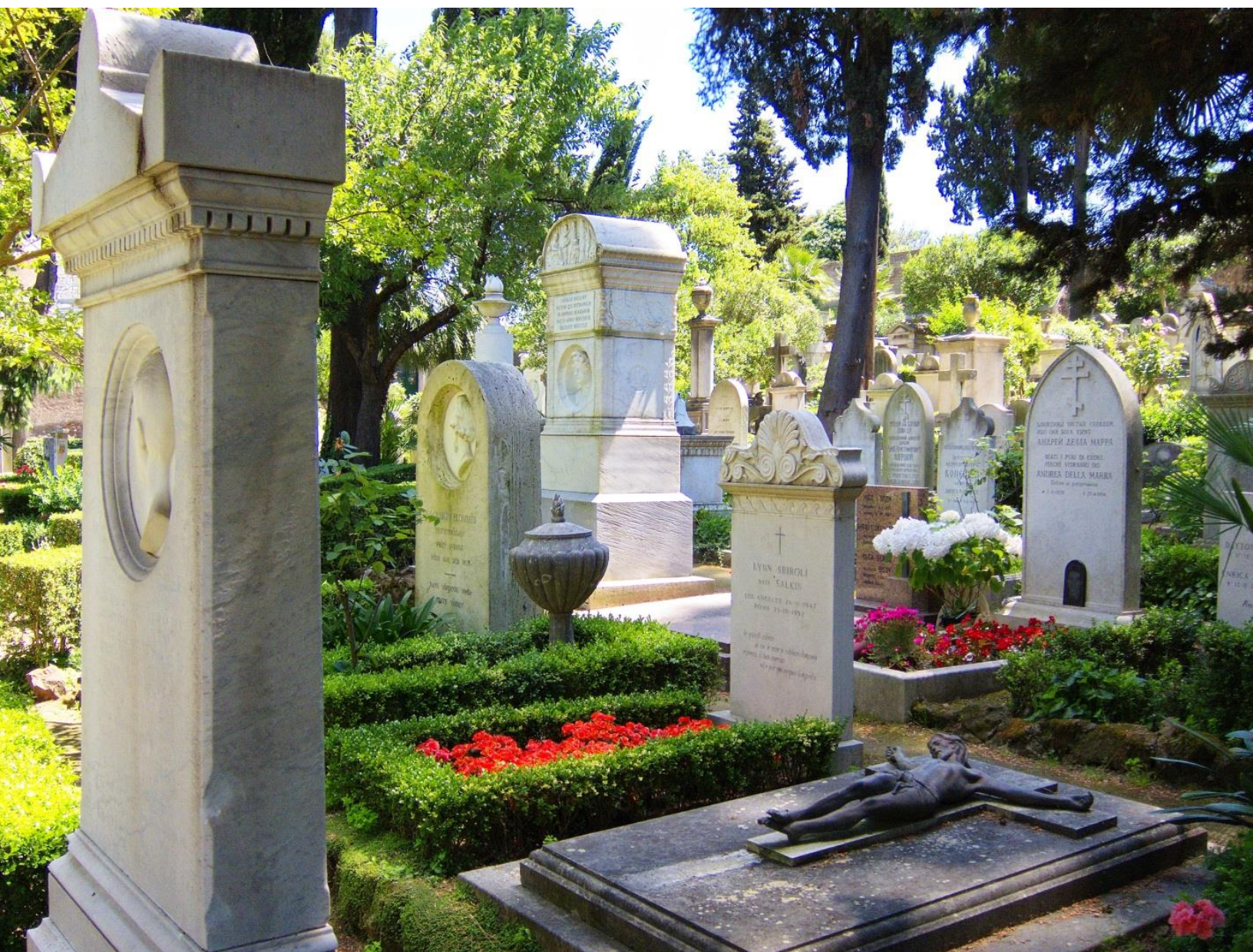


PONTE
GARIBALDI

GIORGIANA OGGI
SAREBBE UNA BELLISSIMA
DONNA DI 56 ANNI -
UCCISA DALLE SQUADRE
SPECIALI DI KOSSIGA
GLI ASSASSINI SONO ANCORA
IMPUNITI, PROTETTI DALLO
STATO. IERI COME OGGI
LA LOTTA PER UN MONDO
MIGLIORE CONTINUA.

IL DIRITTO A MANIFESTARE
IERI COME OGGI E'
VIETATO DAI GOVERNI FORTI
UNITI DAL SILENZIO E L'OMERTÀ
DI STATO. KOSSIGA CAPO DI
GLADIO ASSASSINO IERI.
SCATOLA MINISTRI DELL'INTERNO
A GENOVA 2001 AMARZIO CARLO
GIULIANI... E TUTT'ALTRE NEI
PALAZZI DEL POTERE. ASSASSINI
E COMPlici VERGOGNATEVI!

GIORGIANA E' VIVA E LOTTA
INSIEME A NOI;
LE NOSTRE IDEE
NON MORIRANNO MAI!



DAY 26
(Wednesday, 14 May 2014)
THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY OF ROME

It is DAY 26 of my hunger strike and I am absolutely exhausted from nearly 30 Km or 18 miles of walking and several hours of filming. Hunger is still absent and I am in perfect health but certainly not as resilient as I was at the beginning of this journey.

My body feels like it is feeding on itself to keep up with the energy required to maintain a pace that would be taxing even under normal circumstances. My shoulders and arms and even my legs have thinned substantially and I am swimming in my clothes. Soon I will not have anything to wear that fits properly. And when I look at myself in the mirror I find it hard to believe I am looking at my own body and not at some skinny teenager.

I have lost 200 grams since yesterday and that means I now weigh 77 Kg or 169 pounds and 12 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 15.5 Kg or 33 pounds and 2 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 16.7% and has done so by losing an average of 620 grams or 21.9 ounces a day.

The Vatican continues to remain silent and thus indict itself more clearly than if it had called a press conference to confess to the world that its irrational position against the use of contraceptives is partially responsible for forcing secular authorities to resort to covert chemical and biological sterilization that condemn our children to a life of illness, diminish their intelligence, enfeeble our species, pervert our institutions, defile our rights and liberties, and have created a hypocritical and utterly dishonest and ugly society that encourages vice and stifles virtue.

Nick and I have started segment four of our documentary, which deals with the price humankind has paid due to the Global Depopulation Policy and with the tragedy to come, as well as discussing what has been averted. Our setting was the Protestant Cemetery of Rome, which used to be called the English Cemetery and is a beautiful and serene place that houses the remains of many past celebrities, including John Keats, the great Romantic poet who died in Rome at the tender age of 25.

We did not complete all the shots we had intended because we were politely asked by the British and Kiwi volunteers who act as caretakers to stop filming and apply for a permit since revenue is much needed for the upkeep of the cemetery, which is indeed very well maintained and lovingly cared for. In return for our compliance we were treated to a short history lesson, since both gentlemen we talked to were able historians who had each written a book about the cemetery.

Afterwards, I barely dragged my aching bones and sore muscles to St. Peter's square for the daily prayer; lest the papacy should believe that I have given up and gone home. I will remain here for as long as it takes to get Pope Francis to confess or to change the Church's policy.







DAY 27
(Thursday, 15 May 2014)
LETTER TO THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS

It is DAY 27 of my hunger strike and hunger has crept in ever so slightly for the first time since I began this odyssey. This is partially the result of being home for most of the day and having time to think about food, as well as due to the fact that yesterday was a particularly strenuous day and the body is looking to compensate for the energy expended.

The scales show that I have lost 100 grams since yesterday and that means I now weigh 76.9 Kg or 169 pounds and 9 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 15.6 Kg or 34 pounds and 6 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 16.9% and has done so by losing an average of 600 grams or 21.2 ounces a day.

After my daily prayer on St. Peter's square I drafted a letter to the College of Cardinals and then spent countless hours data mining the internet for the contact emails of each of the 220 cardinals listed on the Vatican website. It is now 10PM and I still have 132 cardinals without emails and that means that I will have to continue this work tomorrow.

You are the first to read my letter since I will not email it to the cardinals until tomorrow when I hope to complete my email search:

Your eminences,

On 19 April, I began a hunger strike at the gates of the Vatican to compel Pope Francis to break the code of silence with respect to covert methods of depopulation that have been ongoing since 1945 and to which the Church has been privy since it received full observer status at the World Health Organization in 1952.

The covert chemical, biological and bacteriological methods used on the world's hapless population by the United Nations, its agencies and governments throughout the world in order to subvert human fertility constitute genocide and are punishable by life imprisonment or death. I have detailed these methods in two books that I have gifted to the world in the interests of truth and justice. You will find them here and I urge you to read them without delay so that you no longer can claim ignorance:

Chemical and Biological Depopulation

http://real-agenda.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/11/CHEMICAL_AND_BIOLOGICAL_DEPOPULATION.pdf

Killing Us Softly: Causes and Consequences of the Global Depopulation Policy

<http://real-agenda.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/KILLING-US-SOFTLY2.pdf>

The Church, by its refusal to condone the use of contraceptives, is largely responsible for forcing secular authorities to achieve the world's necessary demographic objectives covertly and criminally rather than overtly and legally. As a result, irreparable damage is being done to the genetic and intellectual endowment of mankind so the Church can hang on to a dated and deadly policy position that is rejected and ignored by the vast majority of Catholics and that has become the source of the greatest evil on earth, the engineered extinction of the human species.

As a direct result of the Church's intractability with respect to contraceptives, children the world over are being poisoned in their mothers' wombs by endocrine disruptors (fluoride, BPA, artificial sweeteners) deliberately used to turn the basic elements of life into weapons of mass sterility. The engineered human immunodeficiency virus and other diabolical creations of the military-industrial complex are mowing down millions of lives in Africa and elsewhere under the pretext of life-saving vaccines. Genetically modified organisms are being forced upon farmers in the developing world so the poor will grow and pay for their own sterilization agents. And chemtrails are raining deadly toxins from the sky in NATO countries that have reached the fourth and last stage of the demographic transition in order to ensure the lifespans of the baby boom generation is shortened. This is the embodiment of evil and the Church is personally responsible for the origin and continuation of this evil.

As Cardinals you are responsible for the doctrine of the faith and thus the evils of the Global Depopulation Policy fall squarely upon your shoulders and on your consciences. I have appealed to Pope Francis in the language of the Church – through peaceful protest, compassionate appeals, prayer, hunger and humility – to change course before it is too late and parents throughout the world will have to resort to violence to protect their children. This is my appeal:

<http://www.ice-pix.se/globaldepopulation/?fbrefresh=kevinprayer>

Unfortunately, neither Pope Francis nor you, his cardinals, have responded to my peaceful entreaties. As I continue to waste away here in Rome for the love of my children and in consideration of my fellow man, you continue to remain silent so as to protect crimes against humanity that are without precedent in their magnitude and scope. For your information, to date I have lost more than 34 pounds or 17% of my initial body weight.

Since I am not a man who minces words I give you this dire warning; act now or forever hold your tongues for we will treat you as any other mass murderers, with extreme prejudice. Cardinal Ratzinger is already a prisoner on Vatican soil for his cover up of pedophile priests by failing to rewrite [Crimen Solicitationes](#) and instead reaffirming the confidentiality of internal church investigations in his 2001 letter [De delictis gravioribus](#), which enabled the continuing





abuse of innocent and defenseless boys by predatory priests. You will meet with the same fate if you fail to rewrite the encyclical letter [Humanae Vitae](#) and change the position of the Church on birth control, which enables the atrocities of the Global Depopulation Policy and violates the integrity of our children's minds and bodies, condemning them to a life of chronic illness, sexual confusion, mental retardation, physical enfeeblement, and a state of bovine submission to fascist and genocidal national and international institutions.

Rewrite the Church's doctrine and allow the use of contraceptives so that we, the people, can assume responsibility of the overpopulation problem by exercising self-restraint in our own bedrooms and in so doing deprive secular authorities of any and all justifications for continuing to poison humanity into extinction.

Armed with your consent to responsible birth control I will then make my way to Geneva to take to task the World Health Organization for perverting science and medicine to find false justifications for the adulteration of our basic elements of life – our food and water – to turn them into weapons of mass sterility and selective morbidity and mortality.

Fail to arm me with your consent and I will return at the head of a mob to hold you accountable for your complicity in the murder of our children and the termination of our lineages.

Most sincerely,

Kevin Galalae

A Son of Man and the People's Representative

DAY 28

(Friday, 16 May 2014)

A NEW STRATEGY FOR THE M.D.G.

It is DAY 28 of my hunger strike and my heart is beginning to show signs that it objects to the abuse. Last night I nursed a mild heart pain for about an hour before falling asleep and this morning I woke with the same pain and lasted for a couple of hours. Burning the midnight fuel does not help endear me to my poor old heart, as neither do the 18-hour days that I put in here in Rome.

Nick and I have just calculated the distance I have walked on foot since my arrival in Rome nearly a month ago and it is a whopping 500 Km. Add to that the long hours, the stress, the sleepless nights due to interviews, and the effort involved in making a documentary and you get an idea of what it means to take on the international system. But it is not without avail. The Vatican and the UN have met on May 9 here in Rome to discuss a new strategy to the Millennium Development Goals (<http://www.lifenews.com/2014/05/15/top-un-official-looks-away-as-pope-francis-says-abortion-violates-human-rights/>).

Publicly they have only mentioned Pope Francis' comments with respect to abortion, but privately they are probably at each other's throats as they scramble to find a soft landing to the fall from grace they are about to suffer due to my work exposing their terrible secrets and their collusion in the Global Depopulation Policy.

It seems they are determined to remain silent while acting behind closed doors to respond to my presence here and to the waves I am making globally through my hunger strike by altering course. I will continue to be a thorn in their side until they do the right thing, both at the UN and at the Vatican, and our children are safe from further diabolical attacks by this treacherous lot that masquerade as our leaders.

The scales show that I have lost 100 grams since yesterday and that means I now weigh 76.8 Kg or 169 pounds and 5 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 15.7 Kg or 34 pounds and 10 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 17% and has done so by losing an average of 580 grams or 20.4 ounces a day.

My Letter to the Cardinals is being published by several media outlets and I will spend the rest of the evening compiling my daily updates into a single file for publication. The mainstream media has joined my LinkedIn account in droves and are watching quietly and waiting for their masters to take the chains off their sorry necks so that they too can do something useful with their lives. My advice to the editors and journalists who are protecting the secrets of the Global Depopulation Policy and are therefore complicit in crimes against humanity is this; act now or spend the rest of your days behind bars.





And so the battle with the coalition of the unwilling continues, my friends. Little by little I am breaking their ranks and sinking their boats. Soon they will start abandoning ship like drowning rats.

If you want change, please do your part. It is not enough to hope and pray. This is the time to act.

Here is a list of Vatican media that we need to bombard with messages:

VATICAN PRESS OFFICE and VATICAN RADIO

Fr. Sergio Pellini S.D.B., Director General

Fr. Federico Lombardi S.J., Director

Vatican Radio: indiano@vatiradio.va; vati230@vatiradio.va; informatica@vatiradio.va

Programa Espanol: espanol@vatiradio.va

Hispano Americano: hispano@vatiradio.va

Relaciones para América Latina y el Caribe: latam@vatiradio.va

Programa Brasileiro: brasil@vatiradio.va

Programa Português: porto@vatiradio.va

French programme: francafr@vatiradio.va; francafr@radiovat.va

German programme: deutsch@vatiradio.va

English programme: englishpr@vatiradio.va; english@vatiradio.va; engafrica@vatiradio.va

INDIA: india@vatiradio.va

Malayalam programme: malayalam@vatiradio.va

Hindi programme: hindi@vatiradio.va

Urdu programme: urdu@vatiradio.va

Tamil programme: tamil@vatiradio.va

English programme: engindia@vatiradio.va

THE VATICAN TELEVISION CENTER

Mailing Address: Via del Pellegrino - 00120 Vatican City

http://www.vatican.va/news_services/television/documents/ns_ctv_doc_23102001_info-gen_en.htm

Fr. Federico Lombardi, S.J., Director General

Tel. +39 06 698 85467/85233 - Fax +39 06 698 85192

E-mail: ctv@ctv.va (Office) ctvteca@ctv.va (Video-Archive)

VATICAN SECRET ARCHIVES

asv@asv.va; scuolavaticana@asv.va; economato@asv.va

I ask that each and every one reading this update to email the above recipients your opinions and my hunger strike timeline: <http://www.ice-pix.se/globaldepopulation/?fbrefresh=kevinprayer>.

Thank you!

DAY 29
(Saturday, 17 May 2014)
A DELICATE BALANCE

It is DAY 29 of my hunger strike and I have reached that precious state of being that straddles the material and the spiritual worlds. I describe it as being physically weakened, mentally strengthened and spiritually in a state of grace. It is a delicate balance that is as beautiful and fragile as a blooming orchid.

My health is great today and I have no pains and aches to report whatsoever. I am light on my feet and as limber as a cat due to my diminishing weight. And speaking of my weight, I have lost another 100 grams since yesterday, which puts me at 76.7 Kg or 169 pounds and 1 ounce. This brings my total weight loss to date to 15.8 Kg or 34 pounds and 13 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 17.1 % and has done so by losing an average of 564 grams or 19.9 ounces a day.

I walked the 8 Km to St. Peter's and back for my daily prayer in record time and had the deepest meditation yet during my prayer. The square was relatively quiet and bathed in sunlight. Afterwards I spent a few minutes sun gazing and recharging my batteries, so to say.

The Vatican and the UN are working at a frenetic pace behind the scenes to change course. Pope Francis met with the heads of UN agencies here in Rome on May 9, which is no coincidence and a direct result of my hunger strike. The Vatican announced a few days ago that it will change its policy on the family and the UN announced around the same time that it will rewrite its Millennium Development Goals. This is diplomatic speak for 'we have hit a wall and are changing course'. Guess what people, that wall is us!

What dismays me, however, is that I see more action on the part of the system than on the part of the people. To change this I will now make concrete suggestions to those of you who are paying attention and want to help and be effective. It has become painfully obvious to me that we are just threading water and getting nowhere.

Let us channel our efforts towards constructive ends as follows:

- Share my daily updates to five of your connections directly on their timeline rather than in groups and ask them to do the same. This is the only way to get this viral. If you just post once on your own timeline it will stay in our small circle of supporters and the circle will not expand.
- Send my daily updates to the Vatican press. Here they are again:





VATICAN PRESS OFFICE and VATICAN RADIO

Vatican Radio: indiano@vatiradio.va; vati230@vatiradio.va; informatica@vatiradio.va

Programa Espanol: espanol@vatiradio.va

Hispano Americano: hispano@vatiradio.va

Relaciones para América Latina y el Caribe: latam@vatiradio.va

Programa Brasileiro: brasil@vatiradio.va

Programa Português: porto@vatiradio.va

French programme: francafr@vatiradio.va; francafr@radiovat.va

German programme: deutsch@vatiradio.va

English programme: englishpr@vatiradio.va; english@vatiradio.va; engafrica@vatiradio.va

INDIA: india@vatiradio.va

Malayalam programme: malayalam@vatiradio.va

Hindi programme: hindi@vatiradio.va

Urdu programme: urdu@vatiradio.va

Tamil programme: tamil@vatiradio.va

English programme: engindia@vatiradio.va

THE VATICAN TELEVISION CENTER

ctv@ctv.va (Office) ctvteca@ctv.va (Video-Archive)

Last but not least, email my hunger strike timeline to a couple of media outlets every day. This is the link to it: <http://www.ice-pix.se/globaldepopulation/?fbrefresh=kevinprayer>. If you are at a loss where to find the media in your country, use my Global Media Directory, which has 810 pages of emails to media people in countries across the world:

<http://www.thesleuthjournal.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/11/Global-Media-Directory.pdf>

This is the only way to break through the walls of silence and the media blackout erected by the system.

We have the opportunity to make history rather than continue to be its victims. But this opportunity comes with responsibilities and requires that people abandon their fears and prejudices and indifference and apathy and dependence on a system that is so desperately overwrought that its architects have decided to get rid of us on the sly rather than educate and empower us.

Few, however, avail themselves of this unique and historic opportunity and until such time as our governments and the international community see that more of us actually seize the day they cannot and will not change course because they will feel that we have not reached the critical mass necessary to shape public policy and become masters of our own society and will therefore be forced to continue with the existing methods.

This being the case, I urge people to rise from their slumber and speak up. The reality is ugly but its potential is beautiful. This is the time to stand up and be counted. Your necks are on the line so act accordingly. Your children's lives are on the line so protect your flesh and blood because they have no one else to protect them. And your genetic lines are on the line, not to mention your rights and liberties, so fight now or be co-responsible for their annihilation.

Our governments will not save us. They are waiting for us to save them. So let's do it.







DAY 30
(Sunday, 18 May 2014)
LIVE ON LOVE ALONE

It has now been a whole month since I began my hunger strike at the Vatican's doorsteps and Pope Francis has yet to say a single word or acknowledge my presence. If anyone had a doubt about the Holy See's involvement in the depopulation genocide prior to my arrival here, I believe it is fair to say that all doubts have been dispelled by the Vatican's self-indicting silence.

People are asking me why do I starve for the Vatican when Pope Francis and the cardinals are not capable or willing to show compassion for our children and justice for our world? It is not the Vatican I starve for, but for the love of my children and of my fellow man; for the sake of peace and out of respect for the efforts of countless generations who have toiled and bled and struggled to leave us a better world than they inherited. I starve in a desperate attempt to prevent history's greatest purge, which those who govern us seem bent on causing. Fall not for their deception and manipulations and prepare to bring to justice the very people who are in control of our society at all levels unless they change course. If they indeed want a war we will give them a war, but this time it is their heads that will roll in the gutters not ours.

Some of you also wonder how I can go without food for so long and still function let alone work 18 hours a day. Although I have given an explanation for this peculiar ability in my book "Killing Us Softly: The Global Depopulation Policy" it is worthwhile to repeat here for those who lack the time or the inclination to read a book. The epiphany that gave me the strength to endure the unendurable took place in the Palau Islands in 2003 on a deserted island on the seventh and last night of a solitary kayaking adventure in that paradise in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. To this day it remains too powerful and moving an event for me to butcher it with a simple summary or even revisit so I will instead quote my original description.

Sunset finds me gathering beach wood, of which there is plenty lying around, bone-dry and fire-ready. Before long the orange glow of a crackling bonfire sends forth its unpartisan warmth and jubilant flames jump merrily into the night sky. The beach is caressed by the fugacious tatters of flames and the ocean is touched by the stealthy projections of stars.

The water around me no longer gurgles and splashes as it did by the alcove where it got caught under the cavity of rock below. Now it ripples and murmurs from three sides ever so gently on its encounter with the soft and smooth sand where it washes ashore in shy wavelets.

In the tent, as I lie on my back stretching, giving my poor spine a break from bending over the journal and writing, I can smell the musty, distinct odor of overused and underwashed sheets. In search of better air I slide half my body outside the tent and look skyward. Until now I, like everyone else living under the rules of human civilization, have been defrauded of plenitude, of the multispectral inheritance of life, for only when we become single faceted are we any good for society and can conform and submit to its intelligence. Here, in the lap of nature, here, at the end of the world, I no longer long for plenitude. Here, I am whole.

There is a panoply of stars up there, magnificent to behold, but still no moon to be seen. It hangs so low on the horizon in the northern sky that I can discern its hallow over the eclipsed ridges of distant islands,

but not the moon itself. It is strange to have such a bright and star-filled night sky, yet moonless. Just as odd is the realization that true joy is not possible without hardship. I fall asleep looking up and probing in.

*He appears inside the tent; no, closer, inside my head, inside my soul, like a slender angel of light, like a sudden electric shock. I am startled, blinded, frightened. His hands, more elongated and younger than I remember them, are crossed in an attitude of pious repose or mute prayer while the index fingers are barely touching his lips, as one absorbed in silent contemplation. (This apparition, you must understand, was instantaneous, without admonition, warnings, portends.) There is light all around him. He is light and love and emanates both love and light with an unbearable luminosity of being and then his eyes fall on me, my father's kind eyes are unraveling the depths of my soul with the ease of unfolding a scroll and penetrates to the very core of my being, seeing all I had not seen, not wanted to see or pretended not to see. He plunges his gaze into my very nature to become origin of my nature. The light that envelops him and which is enveloped in him leaps into me and thereafter sustains itself. Light, divine light – as all light is; love, divine love – as all love is; now concentrate their rays and waves of lovelight into a single mirror to etch itself with its entire code of truth, its infinite entirety and not just the essence into my fragile soul, which, being of flesh and blood, can sustain the cataclysmic force of impact for only a fraction of a second; a fraction of a second that threatens to disintegrate me. It is all too quick, instantaneous; too painful, but of an unknown and unqualifiable pain; and too ecstatic to either comprehend or quantify. All I can do, all I have time to do, all I have the strength to do is to react instinctively, irrationally, and instantaneously by jumping up and running out of the tent in one impossibly brisk and fluid motion, lightning fast, liquidly fluid, unhindered-by-anatomy-fast and then just as suddenly, just as uncontrollably, just as frighteningly to burst into tears and weep like an infant in an instant. I emerge from sleep not as from a viscous hologram or visceral hallucination, but as from the clearest of realities; so much so that the fantastic nightscape I now see with my opened and astounded eyes strikes me as being a delirious dream now that I'm awake. Above me the sky is as unperturbed and star-filled as when I fell asleep. Wherever I turn I am surrounded by spectacular beauty – beauty beyond words and beyond the possible – but the greatest beauty of all resides within me. On the outside I'm tense, agitated, incredulous, and I tremble, but inside there is peace and calm and quietude of the kind I have never known before; peace so powerful that it tears me apart like war, like shrapnel; pain so sharp that it satisfies like pleasure, like water; insight so deep that it confuses like falsehood, like betrayal; tranquility so complete that it equals furor, and chaos. I shiver like a leaf, I burn like a flame, I shiver and burn with soul-rending pain, the pain of love. I am moved to the core, which has melted and has been reconstituted. I weep for my father, overwhelmed by the love with which he touched me, which he gave me, which he instilled in me. All that pure love in all its immensity, in all its eminence, welled up and now released, lost and now found, given and taken and homegrown now overflows me like a river in spring. I am the wellspring and the world is my delta. I am in the limelight of lovelight under the starlight and it is all unbearably heavy, unbearably light, unbearably freeing, unbearably trapping, unbearably bearable is the unbearable light. I spill over with love: the love of my father, the love of a friend, the love of a lover, the love of a child; love, pure love, love indescribable and unclassifiable love; love gained, love lost, love altered, love unrecognized; omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent love. Love so pure and all pervasive it clarifies its object and its subject, it clarifies what I am made of, made from, and made for. It clarifies what sustains me and what sustains all and everything. Love so strong it calls forth longing for my beautiful father. I look to the stars for him and call him back. I want to know why? Why he came to me from the beyond? Why, father, why? What is the message? What is the meaning? I look at the islands in the starlight and at the sea in the moonlight, but find him nowhere save for inside of me, in the lovelight. I put my arms around me and hold him, hold the piece in me that is from him; so much in me is from him, so much in me is him. And the longing subsides in love and in tears only to be jolted anew by the source-less intimation: live on love alone, from a soundless voice resounding in the fiber of my being. Have I heard right? Have I even heard it? Have I understood right? I want confirmation. I need validation. I ask out loud for verification! I scream into the night sky for authentication!! I am desperate for substantiation!!! And then the words, the same words, the same admonition, live on love alone, **live on love alone...***





Live on love alone.

...somehow (to my consternation, to my dismay, to my incomprehension) acquire material form, body, substance, as a mercurial incarnation of sorts, concrete yet incorporeal, palpable yet without definition, tangible yet without proof and without trace save for the meaning that is communicated to me with words yet without words, but without doubt or ambiguity, mint-fresh and bell-clear. I understand, but I don't understand. I hear and see the message, but I fail to comprehend. How am I to 'live on love alone'? How? Is it literal or merely figurative? Is love to be my guiding principle or my sustenance? I fall on my knees and weep, and weep, and weep. Because I now know, I know, I know. I know what I must do and I am afraid. I am alone. I am human. I am of flesh and blood. I am a mortal and I've been told to be divine. I rise from the stirred sand mortally divine, divinely mortal.

I have been surprised in a state of purity – having been purified by travails, isolation, fasting - and have been transported to a higher state of purity. I am too moved, too alive, too stirred to the core and too transformed to go back to sleep, too transformed to go back to life. Instead, I slide inside the kayak naked as the night and paddle into the open to witness the sunrise without the obstruction of land, without obstructions of any kind; wanting to prolongue the state of transcendence and the feeling of exaltation, wanting to keep open the door to that "other world." The other world being the truth of this world. I watch the day being born from a sea of tranquility and with a heart of serenity.

From the hush of the night rises a silent sun to bring forth a soundless day over a mute horizon and into my quiet soul. From the blueness of night rises an orange sun to bring forth a yellow day over a crimson horizon and into my light-flooded soul. From the coolness of night rises a hot sun to bring forth a fresh day over a crisp horizon and into my consecrated soul.

The day finds me naked in the kayak, staring at the rising ring of fire with dried tears in my eyes. It is a day like no other and a perfect image of the state of my being, as though nature is the reflection of my soul, or its allegory; the moment in which to define myself against an entire universe.

Today, the landscape is at my mercy and I am merciful. And the seascape is benign for I am benevolent. The air is breathless and the water immovable and time stands still because I ordain it. I am breathless and immovable because time has ordained it when it stood still. Nature is my meditation and I am its premeditation. Neither one subordinates the other in its psychology, in its reach. My text and nature's are verbally identical and so the end result is irrefutable, indubitable truth: knowledge without antecedents. The day is spurned by the spontaneous alliance and subliminal convergence of chance, nature's and mine, which begot an analogue world of un-digital beauty, the pure nonsense and pure wisdom of nature, the chaos and the order. Swept along by the inertia of our arrested fantasies, I feel solitaire yet accompanied, accompanied in solitude. I have crossed oceans of time to find this moment or to be found by this moment. In a sense I no longer know where I end and the ocean begins, where time ends and I begin.

It is this otherworldly and inexplicable experience that has given me the strength to go without food for weeks and even months at a time and has endowed me with the resolve to go against the grain and against the entire international system, which is tantamount to going against the world.

And it is this same source that I will draw upon to persuade the world to change course, just as I was asked to do in a second epiphany that I will describe in tomorrow's update since it is almost midnight and I am too tired to continue writing.

God does work in mysterious ways, even on an agnostic like me.

DAY 31
(Monday, 19 May 2014)
MISSION POSSIBLE

It is DAY 31 of my hunger strike and I now weigh 76.5 Kg or 168 pounds and 10 ounces. We have secured funding for two more weeks of hunger strike and I have finished sending my letter to 218 cardinals after spending two days mining the internet for their emails.

I continue to be in great shape but am of course somewhat physically weakened and as a result felt a little dizzy walking to St. Peter's and back today, especially since I picked up the pace to keep warm on this cloudy and somewhat cool afternoon.

Yesterday, I described my first epiphany, which gave me the strength to endure the trials and tribulations of the past five years and the privations of this and previous hunger strikes. Today, I will recount my second epiphany, which happened in the south of Brazil at the stunningly beautiful and gargantuan Iguazu Falls a few months after the first, but during the same one-year journey around the world.

I would have liked to let my diary describe it, as I lack the right words now, but all my property, including my intellectual property and the book I wrote at the end of my journey describing this event, has been confiscated by the Canadian authorities and never returned to me.

While the first epiphany gave me the strength to endure the trials to come, the second gave me an inkling of what I was expected to do. It happened on a clear night as I walked along the gorge of the river mesmerized by the sublime spectacle of a dozen gigantic waterfalls. The mist rose into the night sky and formed a rainbow in the moonlight, a phenomenon I have never seen before or since. In watching the churning river, deafened by the roar, I was struck by an insight that came to me with the same force and clarity as the tumble of the immense volume of water before me: that I must **“be the drop of water that changes the course of the river”**. The message and the mission were unmistakably clear and they came with a severe warning, namely that if I lack the courage to pursue it to the end I will be denied the joy of being by the side of my two children. The mystery is that at that time my two boys, Ben and Oliver, had not been born and I was still single. I don't know how to explain this and I have long given up trying, other than to resign myself to the time honoured adage that God works in mysterious ways. But despite the lack of logic, I took the warning to heart since I was allowed to feel, if only for an instant, the searing pain of the loss to come.

I am not a religious man, but I cannot deny the spiritual nature of these two epiphanies, the only such events I have ever experienced. They altered the core of my being and there is only one explanation. God spoke to me.





For the next five years, my life unfolded without any events of public interest. Despite my epiphanies, I was not called upon to change the course of history. I married and had two children. In 2009, a year before the birth of my second son, however, I was expelled from Oxford University where I attended an online course in political philosophy. The purported reason for my expulsion was ‘breach of netiquette’, thus of online etiquette, a poor excuse to justify Oxford’s brazen violation of freedom of speech, thought and conscience in the name of a national program of surveillance and censorship of the academic environment imposed on British universities by CONTEST, Britain’s strategy for combatting terrorism and radicalization.

And that is how my odyssey into geopolitical affairs of the highest order began. Those of you who would like to read about my ensuing battles can do so by downloading a free copy of my book “Hunger Strike: Defending Freedom of Speech, Thought and Conscience in Education”:

<http://www.thesleuthjournal.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/Kevin-Galalae-Hunger-Strike.pdf>

To make a long story short, I shut down that program of surveillence and censorship and did so single-handedly by hitting the system where it hurts, its ability to keep secrets. In retaliation, however, I was arrested, separated from my children, thrown out of my own home, saddled with false charges, cut off from my own bank account, thrown penniless into the street, and all my property, including my intellectual property was taken away from me and never returned. When the Canadian authorities attempted to arrest me for the fifth time, for refusing to stop exposing the perversion of the rule of law and of our democracies, I went into exile by crossing into the US clandestinely in the middle of the night. I shall describe this adventure in tomorrow’s update.

From my exile in Florida, I hit back even harder by uncovering and exposing the Global Depopulation Policy in my book “Water, Salt, Milk: Killing Our Unborn Children”, which everyone can have for free:

http://pdf.thesleuthjournal.com/government/Water_Salt_Milk_-_Killing_our_unborn_children.pdf

Within days of releasing it online, President Obama announced that water fluoridation levels across the US will be lowered effective immediately from 1.5 PPM to 0.5 PPM, which is in direct response to research I quote in my book that shows these lower levels to be far less damaging on the human body. This was my second victory shaping national policy and once again in a foreign country and not on Canadian soil.

Armed with this new and deadly knowledge I returned to Canada to be arrested at the border so I could work the system from within and give it cancer right inside its belly, which is exactly what I did. I was released after nine months of pre-trial detention (on a motion for stay of proceedings on the grounds of non-disclosure), time during which the Canadian

government tried to break me morally, psychologically and physically, but instead had to concede defeat – on the day the trial was supposed to start, but that of course everyone knew could never take place since all charges were invented and no court in the world would touch me, including the international courts.

Within ten days of my release from jail, I published “Killing Us Softly: Causes and Consequences of the Global Depopulation Policy”, a book I wrote entirely while in detention and therefore in a complete vacuum of information and that, like everything else I have written, I provide to the world free of cost:

<http://real-agenda.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/KILLING-US-SOFTLY2.pdf>

For the next six months, which is also the time that precedes the beginning of my hunger strike here in Italy, I formed a political party and issued its manifesto, knowing that sooner or later the existing system will have to be replaced by a new one that is superior and in touch with today's realities:

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/195856890/OM-Our-Mind-Manifesto-of-the-Human-Rights-Party-of-Canada-HRPC>

During this time, however, I channeled most of my efforts on fighting the system on three legal fronts – civil, criminal and family – to show its corruption and incompetence and have represented myself, since no Canadian lawyer has the courage or integrity to come anywhere near my case. Within the next year, I will publish a scathing book on the national and international legal and political system – if I survive this hunger strike, that is – a book that will be entitled “Structural Violence: Personal Responsibility in National and International Organs”.

During these last six months I have also written extensively on the true nature of the New World Order and its central axis, the globalization/depopulation agenda, and on how the current international order needs to be changed and can be changed. My work has received recognition from policy makers and diplomats from across the world, which is why it is published by “Diplomacy and Foreign Affairs”. I need two or three months to complete it, at which point I will publish it in book form under the title “Survival or Extinction”. Those of you who want to know what the future looks like can get an idea by reading my “OM Principles”, which are available in eight languages:

https://www.academia.edu/5076940/OM_PRINCIPLES_IN_8_LANGUAGES

The reason I am still alive is because I have gained the respect of both sides, our policy makers and the people. This puts me in a unique and extraordinarily privileged position in the world today, as I am the only person who has a say, albeit yet to be publicly acknowledged, in shaping global policy, while also being the only person in the world who can close the





destructive rift between the top and bottom of society and who can do so across culture and religions.

To accomplish this mammoth task I need to compel our leaders, both religious and secular, to find the courage to come out and tell us the truth; and I also need to empower and inspire you, the people, to find the courage to face the facts and to fight for your world and for your children.

And that is why I am on hunger strike.

To my dismay, our leaders have been far more receptive and responsive to my efforts and sacrifices than the people, who, for the most part continue to sit passively on the sidelines in the hope that a miracle will happen.

But if we, the people do not come out in full force and make ourselves heard, those who govern us will rightfully conclude that we are neither ready nor willing to assume responsibility for the wellbeing of the planet and of human civilization and will have no choice but to continue to eliminate the vast majority of us through covert chemical, biological and bacteriological methods until all the dead weight of ignorance, apathy and indifference is rid of and the world can be inherited by those who have their eyes open and who are willing to do their part.

It is that simple.

The system we now have and need to change is based on deception and lies, so that difficult things can be done in secret by imposition rather than openly by informed consent. Once the secrecy and the deception are removed the system will collapse.

But if the system collapses, we will all be buried, which is why we must be ready to prop it with our wisdom and sacrifices as soon as the truth is revealed and we must shoulder the weight now shouldered by the matrix of control.

DAY 32
(Tuesday, 20 May 2014)
FUGITIVE FROM INJUSTICE

It is DAY 32 of my hunger strike and I woke up feeling full of life and hope and excited to start the day. I have been entirely free of hunger and even cravings throughout the day and have managed to walk first to St. Peter's and back for my daily prayer, which I did first thing in the morning, and then trudged through town the entire afternoon to find the right filming location, which ended up being the Palatino ruins. All in all I covered a whopping 30 Km. Yes, at times, I did feel dizzy, but never tired or weak. The human body truly is a marvel.

Our guardian angels have ensured that we paid the rent for the next two weeks and this took a load off my shoulders. Nick and I can now concentrate on the documentary and on enlightening the public while we wait for a response from Pope Francis. This also means that my hunger strike will be at least 45 days long, which is symbolically important because Jesus hungered in the wilderness for 40 days.

The scales show that I have lost 100 grams since yesterday and that means I now weigh 76.4 Kg or 168 pounds and 7 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 15.8 Kg or 34 pounds and 13 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 17.1% and has done so by losing an average of 510 grams or 18 ounces a day.

In yesterday's update, I promised to tell you about my escape from Canada. It happened in February 2012, the coldest month of the year. In December, I had done a TV interview with Adam Bierman, the host of New Jersey Insider on Princeton TV, in which I discussed the covert program of surveillance and censorship I had uncovered in the UK. That interview is available online on Vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/33346698>.

Princeton TV then booked me for a second interview so I could name the politicians, judges, lawyers and doctors who framed me and then falsified medical records and court transcripts and committed perjury in order to get away with it. The second interview was canceled due to heavy pressure from Washington on Princeton TV, but I had my say nevertheless by publishing an article called "The Kingston Hillbillies" that was heavily censored for over a year but that is now freely available online: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/2/24/The_Kingston_Hillbillies.pdf

In retaliation the Canadian authorities dropped all pretenses that I was arrested due to criminal code violations and sent an explicit warning through my then criminal lawyer, John Olver, that unless I "cease and desist speaking publicly about state secrets I would be arrested again and this time on new charges". I told them to come get me because my rights and liberties are not negotiable and I will not abandon my children to fascists.





Desperate that they could not force me to remain quiet, the cops, lawyers and judges who had been coopted into committing conspiracy to prosecute and other serious criminal code violations that would earn them decades behind bars in a country where the rule of law exists, then resorted to issuing new recognizance conditions in my absence and behind closed doors, which is illegal, but they desperately needed in order to issue a new arrest warrant on the grounds that I had violated my bail. They did this on 17 January 2012 in a proceeding called a Show Cause Hearing that neither I nor my lawyer were told about, asked to attend, or informed of its outcome; all of which are serious violations of due process and of judicial conduct. More than this, the conditions they came up with would make the government of China blush with shame:

Condition 24:

“Not to be on the internet at all. Not to possess a computer, a cell phone or any device capable of accessing the internet. Not to be found in any internet café type place. Not to be found in a library without supervision to ensure you are not accessing the internet and that you not use any other persons computers to access the internet.”

Condition 25:

“No allowing others to access your facebook, wikispooks or Linkedin or other social network sites or any other site that you have access to or created including the checking of emails for purposes of attempting to communicate your beliefs via third parties.”

Armed with these new conditions that I was never informed about they then convinced a corrupt judge, of which Canada has no shortage, to issue an arrest warrant and on the evening of February 10, around 9PM, they sent a team of cops to arrest me.

Luckily I was not home, as I was dining with friends, and the cops were sent away emptyhanded by my sureties, the Tomaz family, who had bailed me out of jail a few months earlier. Immediately after the cops left, my friends called me on my cell phone and alerted me that they had come to arrest me.

With just the clothes on my back, \$500 dollars of borrowed money in my pocket, and the tearful hugs and kisses of my friends, I began driving out of town intent on leaving the country, but with no definitive plans. The weather was miserable, bitter cold and snowy, which actually worked to my advantage as it blinded any road cameras and made visibility extremely poor.

To avoid being tracked I removed the battery from my cell phone as well as the SIM card and then shut off my global positioning system. I checked my gages to make sure I have enough gas and that everything is in order.

As I attempted to get on the highway, I discovered that every entrance had a police cruiser strategically located. I assumed they were waiting for me and altered course just in time and headed north of the city to use secondary roads. But the northern road had a roadblock, which I could see from a distance being night time, and once again I was forced to circumvent the cops, barely managing not to be noticed.

I drove east throughout the night, heading for Montreal, a distance of 640 KM on the most direct route, but nearly 900KM on the convoluted country roads I was forced to use. If I could have used the highway it would have taken me 7 hours but instead it took me 10 and I arrived in Montreal at dawn.

Before I knocked at the door of my childhood friends, who had recently immigrated from Romania to Canada, and who luckily live in Montreal, I waited an hour to make sure they are out of bed. They were shocked but happy to see me. I did not have to do much explaining since they were already familiar with my battles with the Canadian and British authorities. Within hours they emptied their bank accounts and gave me \$1500 US in cash so I could flee the country and seek political asylum somewhere safe. We discussed Costa Rica and Switzerland as options. To reach Costa Rica I would have to cross into the US, without being noticed of course. But to get to Switzerland I would have to stowaway on a ship and survive a two week sea voyage without being detected. Both are possible but the first option is a lot easier.

Concerned that I would not have a decent meal for weeks to come, they fed me royally and showered me with love and attention. I thanked my lucky stars for having such extraordinary friends, both back home in Ayr and Waterloo and in Montreal, for had it not been for their help I may not have made it out of Canada alive or seen freedom again.

We decided to go to the house of our common friend to make sure I am not arrested at their house since the authorities knew of my friends and where they resided, as they had come to court a few months earlier to serve as secondary sureties in case the corrupt Kingston judges would try to deny me bail, as they had done previously on several occasions, by finding some invented fault with my sureties.

Just a hundred meters from the house, low and behold a police cruiser comes from the opposite direction and as soon as the cop sees my car he does a turnaround and starts coming after me. But as I watched him in the mirror, I veered to the left and out of his sight as soon as I saw the cruiser turn around and stepped on the gas and went on a wild ride through the quiet morning streets with the cop hot on my tail. To lose him I took as many turns as possible and then went at breakneck speed behind a small strip mall as soon as I was out of the cop's sight. I then jumped out of car and abandoned it there, walking away from it as fast as I could without looking suspicious.

No sooner did I turn a couple of corners on foot that I spotted the same cop car driving slowly and looking on each side of the road for my car as well as eyeing the pedestrians. I walked





swiftly out of sight, entered a building, came out a few minutes later and resumed my escape on foot. But the cruiser reappeared once again at snail's pace. With nowhere to run this time I stooped to ask a lady a question so I would have an excuse to turn my back on the street and look like a local engaged in a friendly conversation with a neighbor. It worked.

I then crossed the street and headed towards a nearby depot for freight trains, but as I did that the cruiser showed up again and from the corner of my eye I could see the cop looking suspiciously in my direction. By then, however, I was already a good 50 meters away from the road and half-way into the park that separated the road from the train yard.

As soon as the cruiser disappeared I jumped over the fence and into the train yard, then walked briskly to get out of sight and continued between the trains. A few hundred meters away I left the yard and went towards a large building that looked like a hospital so I could hang out there until the coast was clear. I did just that for about an hour and then took the first bus downtown so I could buy a warm outdoor jacket, gloves, a backpack and then find a quiet place to think and plan.

After I did my purchases I sought refuge in a Catholic library and asked the clerk to give me guides on convents and monasteries in Quebec. I wrote down a few addresses and then pondered if I should lay low for a few days in such a place, but decided instead to wait for nightfall and try to get my car back, hoping the cops never found it.

As soon as the sun went down, I returned to the place where I had abandoned my Mercedes and looked from a safe distance to see if any cops lay in wait. Seeing none I took a deep breath and walked towards it, opened the door as quickly as I could and drove away slowly, while my heart raced faster than a bullet train.

Relieved to get my car back and not have to rely on public transportation, I made my way to the apartment where I was to go with my friends earlier in the day. I was again fed and encouraged to stay overnight so I could rest since I had not slept in 36 hours, but I insisted on continuing on my journey so I could take advantage of the cover of night.

Two hours into my drive and just before reaching Quebec City a blizzard came on in full force and made driving a serious challenge but also gave me the cover I needed to be unrecognizable by road cameras. Feeling safe I took to the highway and headed north towards the Gaspé Peninsula, a lonely and wild part of Canada beaten by fierce winds and ravaged by storms. Throughout my drive I thought about my children and dreaded the thought of getting further and further away from them. I fought my yearning for them and told myself to stay strong and not give in to emotions lest I should crumble under their weight and be unable to continue to fight for what is right and just, all the while tears ran down my cheeks in a never-ending stream.

I imagined myself holding Ben and Oliver in my arms again under the palm trees on the shore of a tropical beach in Costa Rica or Brazil. But I knew that years would pass before I could see my

children again and tell them that I never left them, that they are always in my heart, and despite my absence they have always been in my heart.

Quebec turned into New Brunswick and night into day. The snow stopped and the ploughs appeared on the barren highways. Edmundston, Fredericton and then St. John's, all strange cities, all far away from my children, all dreadfully cold and dead silent in the morning after the storm. But none as dreadful as the desolation in my heart and the devastation in my mind. None as ravaged as my soul.

I found myself a bed and breakfast in St. John's since I could not stay at a hotel as they would have required a credit card and I knew I could not use plastic as long as I am a fugitive from injustice. Wasting no time, I headed for the port to see if any ships were sailing to Europe, but none were for days to come. This meant I would have to drive even further east, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, or try to find a place to cross clandestinely into the US between the border of the province of New Brunswick in Canada and the state of Maine in the US, which is just 100 Km to the east of the city of St. John's. So I bought detailed maps and spent the rest of the day looking for the right topography and the easiest place to slip over the border undetected. The spot I settled on is the town of Saint Stephen on the Canadian side and the town of Calais on the American side, as they are facing each other and are separated only by a small river, which I could easily swim over if only I had one of my scuba diving suits with me.

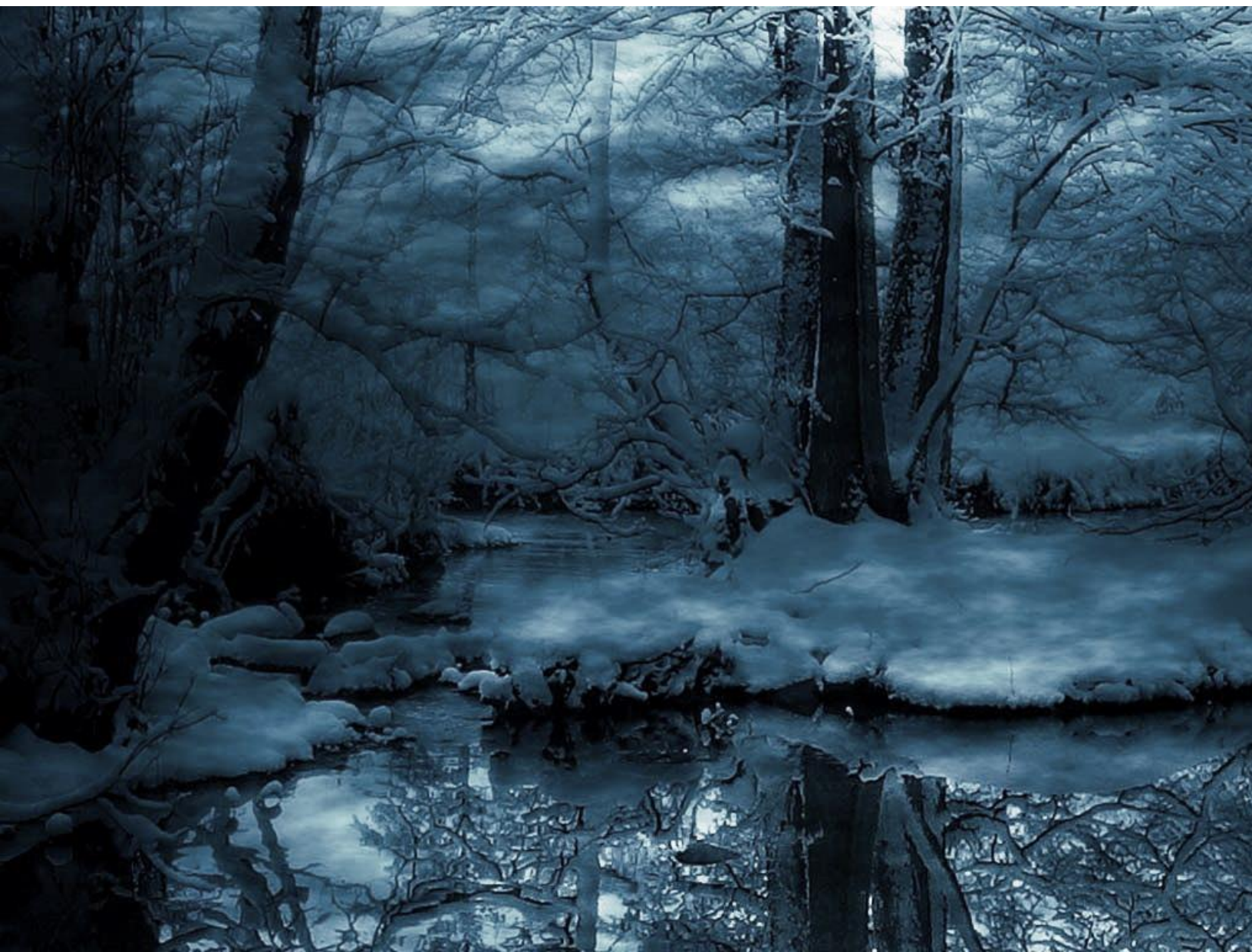
Satisfied that I had found a way out of Canada I settled into my luxurious room and after a bath I closed the curtains and fell into a deep and troubled sleep. I rose with the sun and made it into Saint Stephen in about an hour, all the while looking over my shoulder to admire the deep blue hues of the Bay of Fundy, which is known for its high tides, the highest in the world in fact.

Once in Saint Stephen, I sought out the closest bed and breakfast to the border and checked in at the Blair House Heritage Inn, a lovely Victorian mansion, as Mugur Catalin, my first and middle name, but left out my last name just in case a police alert had been issued. I then went for a walk along the border to find the best bend in the river where I could swim or float over to the other side. It took me six hours of careful consideration to find the right spot, but I did, just a 30 minute walk from my bed and breakfast.

Next I went looking for either a boat or a diving suit but since Saint Stephen is a rather small town and has limited shopping and it was the middle of the winter I found neither a boat nor a diving suit. Instead I bought a self-inflatable camping bed for \$75 and hoped it would suffice to see me safely to the other side.

The only problems remaining were what to do with the car and finding transportation to Florida, where my twin sister lives, once I made it to the other side. So I decided to ask the B&B owner, a gracious British gent, to keep my car in his backyard for a week as I was going into the US with friends, I told him. He agreed and, relieved that I had solved another logistical problem, I set out to make inquiries into public transportation, which proved to be more difficult than I





thought. But in the end I found a transporter van that left every morning at 9AM from Calais to Bangor, where I could get on a Grey Hound bus. This meant I would have to kill four early morning hours, from 4 AM, when I intended to attempt my crossing, until 9AM, when the van left Calais. Finding a safe and unobtrusive place to stay off the street and out of sight of cops would be crucial to the success of my endeavor so I worked the phone and used local knowledge to see if anything was open in Calais so early in the morning. Luckily, American capitalism never sleeps and both McDonalds and Dunkin Donuts opened at 5 AM.

With all problems solved, I granted myself a good meal and then waited for the night, hoping also for early morning fog, which is a rather common occurrence in that coastal area. But the fog did not come and, to make matters worse, the thermometer dropped to a bone-chilling -25 degrees Celsius (-13 degrees Fahrenheit). Concerned, I went walking along the river in the late evening to see if it froze and to my disappointment I found that ice boulders had formed that flowed down the middle of the river. I nevertheless decided to attempt to cross.

Before going to bed, I put everything I could not carry into my car and bid goodbye to my last worldly possession that the government of Canada had not taken away from me, my Mercedes ML 430.

The adrenaline kept me awake all night and at 4AM I started walking to my designated spot. I slipped down the bank and inflated my camping bed in the deadly silence. The river was still riddled with ice boulders in the middle part. I placed my backpack at the front and gingerly kneeled in the middle so I could paddle with my hands on both sides. Then I pushed away from the steep shore and dunked my hands in the freezing water. Within seconds they were frozen stiff and insensate. Then, towards the middle of the river, my floating bed capsized as soon as it hit the first ice blocks and I fell in. My heart stopped for a few seconds when the freezing water seeped through my heavy winter clothes and reached my skin. I gasped and struggled to stay afloat as the heavy garments and the current tried to pull me under. My boots came loose and both sank to the bottom of the river, but after managing to gasp for air through the pain and fear I set out towards the Canadian shore. Sheer will not physical strength helped me through the five minutes it took me to swim back to safety, all the while pushing my backpack ahead of me. But once I reached the steep embankment my hands were too frozen to grab onto the bushes that offered their branches. As I reached for them it felt as though my hands were sliced by knives and I could not get a grip. I used my body to crawl and my teeth and hands and arms and will to somehow get ahold of something and make it out of the river. And I did.

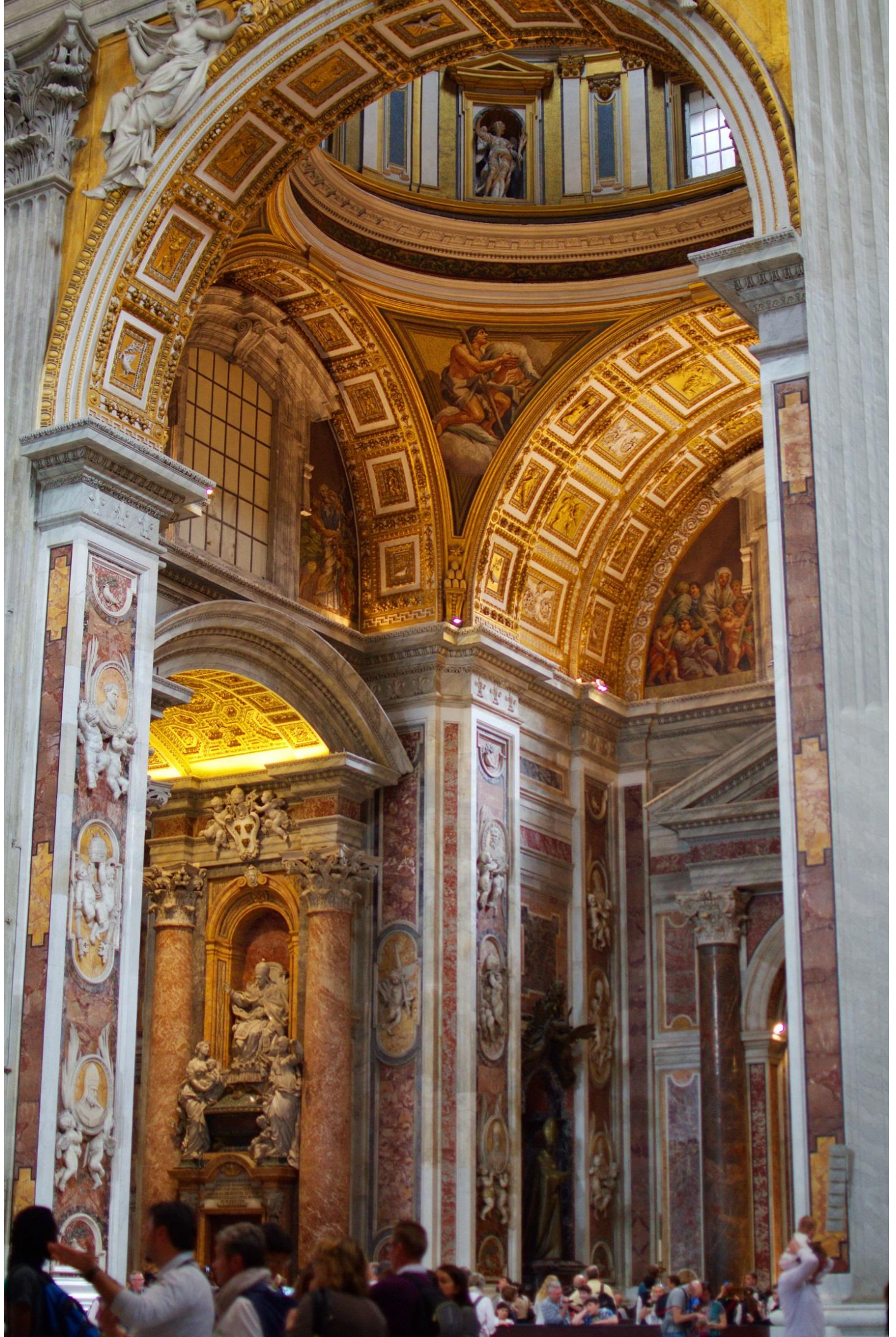
Barefoot and drenched I crawled up the hill, my body convulsing with shivers and my teeth chattering so hard I thought they would shatter. I felt like I weighed a thousand pounds and had a hard time keeping my eyelids from freezing over my eyes. By the time I reached the B&B I was a walking icicle. I had left the door unlocked, just in case, and fumbled my way in and up the stairs as quietly as I could. Once inside my room, I ran a bath, undressed and immersed myself in the lukewarm water, which felt like a boiling cauldron of magma. But I bared the pain


and tried to bring my core temperature back to normal. It took at least an hour and an hour more to get the blood back into my toes, three of which had turned dark blue and black. They did not recover their color for six months, but at least I did not lose any.

I spent the rest of the morning and a good part of the day drying my clothes. Once I looked and felt human again, I put on a smile and went downstairs to explain to my host that I would have to stay one more night as my friends had postponed the trip. With that out of the way, I went back to the mall to buy another inflatable bed since I had lost the first to the river.

Then I waited for the night and tried again and succeeded.







SONO UNA ANZIANA POVERA
CON TRE NIPOTI MALATI
E' DORMO IN PARCO
NON CIO' A CHI RIFERIR
MI PER FAVORE AIUTATE
MI UNA PICCOLA OFFERTA
CON UNILE



DAY 33
(Wednesday, 21 May 2014)
THE HUMAN CONDITION

It is DAY 33 of my hunger strike and I have used it to clear my head and to think idle thoughts. I did not start the day with this intention, but it turned out that way once I found myself unable to get inside St. Peter's square for my daily prayer, due to the mass of worshippers assembled to receive Pope Francis' blessings, which happens every Wednesday.

As I walked around the perimeter, trying fruitlessly to find a way in and shuffling through the maddening crowd, it dawned on me how choked with need the Church must feel and how impossible it is to find a quiet and peaceful moment, or make any progress whatsoever, or accomplish anything of value in such a hustle and bustle that only exhausts the body and stains the mind and drains the spirit.

What an apt analogy this suffocating mass of people, looking for salvation, for relief, for direction, for help, for mercy, for forgiveness, it is for the state of the world. The more is not always the merrier. There comes a point where a balance is destroyed between just enough to share the work and the fruits of our labors to being too many and getting in each other's way and fighting for space and things and peace.

During my travels, and I have had many, as I have been to about one hundred countries and have twice journeyed around the world, I could not help but notice that the higher the population density the lower the quality of life and the greater the number of laws and rules and bylaws and regulations that curtail and control human conduct and individual freedom.

In Hong Kong, where the population density is amongst the highest in the world at 6,544 people per square kilometer (or 17,024 per square mile), people are forced to live in closet-sized apartments that most westerners would not be able to tolerate for a day let alone a lifetime. And in India, where resources are so overtaxed by its 1.1 billion people and life so devoid of luxuries, street children are rounded up by cruel gangs and mutilated so they can earn a "decent living" as beggars, since the cripple elicit more pity and therefore more alms. That is how desperate poverty, caused by overcrowding, dehumanizes people and how life becomes cheap and cheapened even further by the cruelty of those without scruples.

And history has even harsher lessons, as the Great Chinese Famine of 1958 to 1961 attests when 40 million people died of starvation and countless others survived only because they resorted to cannibalism on a scale unprecedented in the 20th century. Sure, one can argue about causes until the cows come home, but fact remains that such calamity could only have happened in one of the

world's most grossly overpopulated countries. To this day, China struggles with its burgeoning numbers, despite having a one-child policy since 1978.

I have been to these places and have seen the situation with my own eyes. When I lived in China in 2004 and in Thailand in 1996, I had to take a nap every afternoon because the pollution was so thick that I felt exhausted by midday. In Shanghai my eyes burned all the time and I had a pesky cough that I could not get rid of. My body struggled to cope with the filthy air.

One dares not think what the situation would have been like today had the one-child-policy not prevented the birth of 400 million Chinese. Just as one dares not countenance India's desperation had the government not surgically sterilized 80% of the women by hook or by crook. Or to what violence westerners would have resorted had our governments not interfered with our ability to procreate by covert chemical and biological methods.

But while the Indian and the Chinese people are fully aware of their countries' population control efforts, westerners, who consider themselves to be the most "advanced" people on earth, are utterly ignorant that they have been physiologically altered, denuded and enfeebled by their own freely elected governments and that this has been going on since the early 1950s.

Coming out of the illusion will not be easy.

These thoughts were going through my head as I walked for hours looking for a shampoo that I have come to like but did not find. And as these threads tugged at my heart, and I had just turned a corner and found myself facing the high walls of the Vatican City, I could scarce contain my tears of compassion for our human condition. And I understood also the plight of the Church, which for the past 2000 years has been the final sanctuary for the broken and the ill and the desperate and the lonely and the demented and the forgotten and the abandoned; only to find that the misery never ends, and the more the dedicated men and women of all faiths have tried to heal the world, the sicker it got.

Those in high places have contended with these problems since times immemorial, but it was not until 1945 that a decision was made to break the cycle of poverty that leads to misery and ends up in war. And since that year, policy makers and clergymen and military high brass and scientists and doctors and jurists have worked hand in glove to attack the problems of humanity at their core.

The reason I was able to uncover their methods and means is because I struggled to find an answer to the misery of the human condition from the solitude of my prison cell. And I arrived at the same conclusion as they did, namely that people outgrow resources and, as such, if you control the number of people you can prevent scarcity and thus pre-empt conflict. And so they declared war on human fertility so that man would never again have to fight man.

They have done the best they could without our help and behind our backs.

Now we must do our part...or else continue to be victims.





The Galalae Family

PICTORIAL HISTORY
1920 - 2008

DAY 34
(Thursday, 22 May 2014)
THE LOVE OF FAMILY

It is DAY 34 of my hunger strike and still no word from Pope Francis or the Vatican, who have chosen to hide behind the 5th amendment in order to avoid self-incrimination. But for the Holy See to remain silent is more suspicious than any apologetic statement it might have made.

My health is excellent and the sensation of hunger is still under control. At times, cravings distract me from writing and interfere with my ability to focus, but I can still function normally. I anticipate the cravings to get worse especially now that seasonal fruit like peaches, cherries and watermelons are on wonderful display on the neighborhood vegetable stands and I have to walk by every day and abstain.

The scales show that I have lost 400 grams in the past two days and that means I now weigh 76 Kg or 167 pounds and 9 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 16.2 Kg or 35 pounds and 11 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 17.5% and has done so by losing an average of 476 grams or 16.8 ounces a day.

Let me now return to the narrative of my escape from Canada.

I have just set foot on the American side of the Saint Croix River and am trying to keep my boots dry while pulling the inflatable bed ashore and letting the air out so I can fold it and hide it under the snow. When that is done and my backpack is safely on my shoulders, I start walking up the hill and into the backyards of the good people of Calais, Maine.

The snow is deep and crisp and it crunches rather loudly every time I take a step, which makes me cringe with apprehension that the inhabitants of the two houses I am just walking between will open their windows and start screaming at me or, worse, alert the border guards that an illegal has entered the country from the north. But none of this happens and in a few more steps I am on the cleared sidewalk of a quiet residential street where I straiten my back and keep walking with feigned confidence and my head held high, just as though I were on my usual daily routine.

The state of Maine is an hour behind the Province of New Brunswick so although I started my clandestine crossing at 5 AM in Canada, I made it into the US at 4:30 AM, which means I actually gained half an hour. This detail is important and I considered it carefully when I decided upon the best time to make my escape because at 4AM people are in a deeper sleep than at 5AM. I could have conceivably floated across even earlier in the morning, but then I would have had to wait for McDonalds or Dunkin Donuts to open and I would have been suspiciously wondering the streets at that ungodly hour and drawn unwanted attention from the police.

Since I have lost my wallet in yesterday's failed crossing attempt, when I fell in the river and my wallet like my boots sank to the bottom, I have to be particularly careful not to be stopped by the police and be asked for ID, of which I have only my car insurance papers because I had placed them in my backpack and therefore survived my near drowning. Just in case I am stopped I have folded my car insurance papers so that the name and address of my insurance agent shows and not mine, as I am uncertain whether or not Canada issued an international arrest warrant, which for the sake of precaution I must assume that it did.

Everything goes according to plan and by the time I reach the local McDonalds I find it open and I take a seat and treat myself to breakfast and coffee. I linger for as long as I can and three quarters of an hour later I go to the Dunkin Donuts shop and repeat the strategy, all the while watching the street and counting the police cars and border patrol pick-up trucks that went by, at least four. It is now 6:30 AM and I still have two and a half hours to kill before my bus departs and daylight is just starting to appear on the horizon, as the town is waking up.

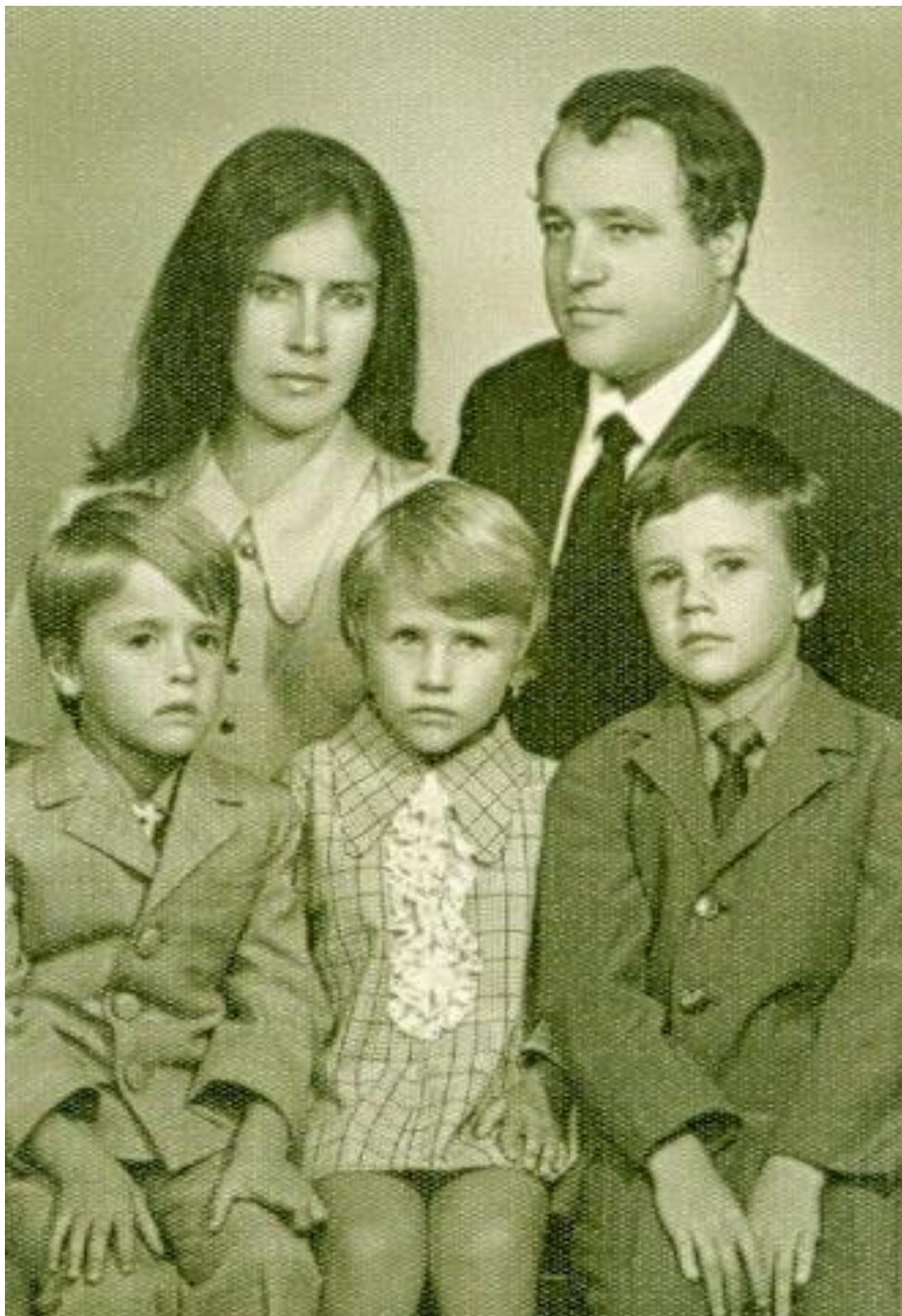
I walk firmly and with purpose, as though I was a man with a destination, but in fact I am desperately looking for another place to hang out. It is now daylight and to my delight I stumble upon a mom and pop breakfast place that is worn and lovely and full of war veterans with sad and beaten faces; just the kind of place where I can spend an idle hour without drawing attention.

A few minutes before nine o'clock, I make my way to the parking lot where bus stops to pick up the Calais passengers. It is only when I am inside and take my seat that I begin to relax. And the further it moves away from the border, sneaking its way along the wooded coastline, the safer I feel. With a sigh of relief I lean back into my seat and enjoy the ride.

During the trip I take stock of my money, of which I only have \$150, just enough to pay for the Grey Hound bus to Florida once I reach Bangor and to buy a couple of meals along the way. As I think about my dire situation I remember that my brother-in-laws' parents live in Philadelphia and that I had had the pleasure of meeting them once, but I cannot for the life of me remember their address. Even so I decide to stop in Philadelphia, find them and spend a few days there before I continue on to Florida, where the cops may very well be waiting for me.

After an anxiety filled three hour bus ride, an exhausting 14 hours in the Grey Hound bus, two hours of city buses and three hours of walking I finally find my relatives. I ring the bell and hope that they are home. To my absolute delight it is my nephew Andrew, my twin-sister's youngest son who opens the door, as he is just visiting his grandparents for a couple of weeks. We fall into each other's arms and his grandparents join us and I feel safe again with family. The worse is over.

A few days later, renewed and refreshed from being with family, Andrew and I get on the bus together and head for Orlando, Florida, as he decided to accompany me and see his mom and dad's surprised faces when I show up out of nowhere, unannounced and on the run. In my nephew's nineteen-year-old eyes, I am already a hero.



When the going gets tough and the world caves in on you there is nothing like family.

My loving twin-sister, Irina, and my hospitable and kind brother-in-law, Traian, welcomed me with open arms and for the next ten months gave me a home and the safety I needed to work undisturbed on exposing the world's greatest and most deadly secret, the Global Depopulation Policy.

But on the night of my arrival in Florida I had no inkling what the future had in store for me. I was just happy to be free and safe and with people I love.





DAY 35

(Friday, 23 May 2014)

THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

It is DAY 35 of my hunger strike and the cravings have become a real nuisance. My heart has been acting up lately and I realized that I had not taken any salt for over a month, which the heart needs to function properly. I addressed this by eating three or four salted olives a day for the past two days and will continue to do so for the duration of my hunger strike so I do not keel over from a heart attack and give the Vatican cause to have a celebratory party.

My presence here has sent the system into panic and they are now up to the same old desperate scheming to force me to quit the hunger strike. Just as in 2011, when they needed to get me to stop my hunger strike in Strasbourg, France, so this time these immoral cowards are using my wife, Cynthia Ann Marshall.

Two days ago, I received a letter from my wife's lawyer, Lanny Kamin, who is an unscrupulous character, informing me that my wife has put my belongings in storage and that unless I pay for the storage costs my belongings will be disposed of. This move has been orchestrated to force me to return to Canada lest I lose all my property. They know very well that they have bankrupted me and I no longer have a credit card to be able to pay for storage from Italy.

My wife, who is working closely with the system and therefore with the depopulation lobby, has turned on me in Judas fashion and knows that I care deeply about my belongings and am emotionally attached to many items, especially since they are irreplaceable as they contain thousands of family photographs, the handwritten memoirs of several ancestors, hours of video footage from decades past, precious art and books, and my own writings, including a 1000-page manuscript that took me two years to write and I have yet to publish. My intellectual property alone is worth a fortune.

I shot back a few letters that I will make public unless they back off. To teach them a lesson, I have also published my affidavit from the civil lawsuit I launched against the Kingston Police and which contains evidence of foul play and of serious criminal misconduct on the part of the very people in charge of the administration of justice and law enforcement in Canada that will shock even the most jaded reader. You can all read this 237 page file here:

https://www.academia.edu/7133059/Affidavit_of_Kevin_Galalae_in_Civil_Proceedings_against_the_Kingston_Police

But now let me return to my odyssey where I left off, Florida, my sister's house.





There are palms at my window and subtropical vegetation and the air is balmy and moist and still, the very opposite of the desiccating turmoil in my heart. Not to give away my whereabouts, I lay low and stay off the internet. To gain a level of protection, I judge it wise to file lawsuits against Canada and the UK with the international courts and for the next month I work tirelessly and launch legal action with the [European Court of Human Rights](#) in Strasbourg, France, the [Inter-American Commission for Human Rights](#) in Washington DC, and the [UN Human Rights Council](#) in Geneva, Switzerland. I send these applications from a public library and not from home so that I don't give the authorities the evidence necessary to get an arrest warrant and come get me from my sister's house.

More than this, I file for protection under interim measures, a legal instrument by which individuals can ask the international courts for temporary protection from oppressive governments. I did the latter as much for my protection as for my children's safety should the criminals in Kingston decide to harm my children to get to me.

My application with the UN Human Rights Council and my request for protection under interim measures are available online here:

<http://www.f4joz.com/public/PETITION%20BY%20KEVIN%20GALALAE%20TO%20THE%20UN%20HUMAN%20RIGHTS%20COMMITTEE.pdf>

<http://www.f4joz.com/public/REQUEST%20FOR%20INTERIM%20MEASURES.pdf>

At the same time, I open an indirect communications channel with my friends back in Canada and have my computer, passport, birth certificate, and international driver's license sent to me so I could start writing again. As soon as my laptop computer arrives, I draft applications for political refugee status for Costa Rica, Venezuela, Argentina, Bolivia and Norway.

To stay two steps ahead of Canada's out of control authorities and make sure I get out of this ordeal alive I begin a feverish campaign of informing every NGO on the planet that both my life and freedom are endangered by a concerted act of structural violence on the part of the Canadian and British governments. I also contact various UN rapporteurs responsible for monitoring the conduct of nation states with respect to human rights, the rule of law, the fight against terrorism and radicalization, as well as expressional rights and internet freedom, all of which relate in one way or another to my case.

Since I no longer trust anyone in the system, be it at the national or international level, I also take the added precaution of Cc'ing and Bcc'ing my communications with the UN special rapporteurs to various media so that all these bought and owned bureaucrats will feel watched and measured and will not know where opprobrium or a demand to justify their actions will come from. This also enables me to slow down those who are in control of coordinating the attack on me, as they

would be hampered by various levels of jurisdiction. I am in other words using the inflexibility and rigidity of the system against itself, much like I learned in Judo to use the superior weight and strength of the opponent against him and in my favor.

While no one in the media utters a word, the system delegates [The Oslo Times](#), a Norwegian English-language online media, to publish a piece about my escape from Canada, which I was asked to write myself and did so in the third person singular and gave the title “Activist Flees Canada in Terror”:

<http://www.theoslotimes.com/activist-flees-canada-in-terror/>

The Oslo Times published it along with an appeal to NGOs to come to my defense, an appeal that has since been taken down and that was answered by no NGO whatsoever, with the exception of a UN connected and delegated Swiss NGO called SOS Rassismus Deutsch-Schweitz, which issued a timid SOS appeal that it then refused to put up on its website and is now only available on my Academia account:

https://www.academia.edu/4857151/SOS_Appeal_for_Kevin_Galalae

These moves on the part of the system were intended to preserve the appearance that the western world has a functional civil society and media, when in fact all established NGOs have long been subsumed into the matrix of control just as the mainstream media has. They all take orders from the system and depend on it for funding and cushy jobs.

Being now nearly three years into my fight against the system I begin to comprehend how it operates and that it is based not on substance but form, on the necessity to maintain the illusion of the rule of law and democracy when in fact it operates entirely outside the law and of democratic checks and balances.

My first articles on covert surveillance and censorship in UK and EU universities, for instance, were published only [Cryptome](#) and [Wikispooks](#), the former being controlled by the American CIA and the latter by the British SIS. The rationale for this is simple. If you control the so-called alternative media, you know who leaks information and can then pick them up and imprison them, you give the impression of a free press and a functional civil society, you keep your enemies close, and you have a repository of sensitive information that few will see and that the system can use to gauge where the pressure points are and when it needs to ease up in order to keep the herd calm.

That my first “help” came from Norway, in the form of The Oslo Times, and from Switzerland, in the form of SOS Rassismus Deutsch-Schweitz is no coincidence either. The West has built up the reputation of Norway and Switzerland as bastions of human rights and democracy, and there is some truth to this description, but these countries are nevertheless system players and their function is to serve as intermediaries in conflict situations be it between nations or between





individuals and nations. There is however nothing genuine in the role they play as “independent” entities since they are anything but independent.

This being the nature of the beast, I pretended not to know so I could use Cryptome, Wikispooks, The Oslo Times, and SOS Rassismus to build my portfolio and raise my credibility so that I could turn the tables on a system that has relentlessly tried to undermine my credibility and paint me as delusional and as a criminal. I turned the system against itself and hung it with its own rope, so to say.

But I have diverted. Let me return to describing what has happened to my applications for political asylum and to my lawsuits against Canada and the UK at the international courts. NOTHING. The five countries I applied to for asylum either did not respond – as in the case of Bolivia, Argentina and Venezuela – or they stopped communicating with me without any warning or explanations (Norway). Only Costa Rica went through the motions or pretended to and rejected my application after “considering it”.

As for the international courts, no response whatsoever. They all failed to inform me within the three months demanded by their own protocols whether or not my applications were accepted or rejected. This gave me a clear indication that I had come to the edge of the matrix, which is like coming to the edge of the world. The system is not equipped to deal with people who break through all the walls and traps set to prevent people from reaching the edge of the matrix; and therefore, those who do make it, find themselves in an ungoverned no-man’s land, trapped in a kind of purgatory or heaven, however you want to look at it.

With nowhere to immigrate to and no justice to be had, I realized that the only thing I could do is shatter the system by exposing its secret. Its secret being that it is the absolute opposite of what it pretends to be; since it has no rule of law and no democracy and no rights and freedoms, but only the illusion of all these wonderful ideals. It is in other words only a simulacrum of what it pretends to be.

One good thing that came out of my affiliation with The Oslo Times, and the system’s strategy to divert my attention from exposing classified programs, was that its editor-in-chief, Hatef Mokhtar, asked me to write a series on the demise of human rights in the world. Eager beaver that I am, I set to work immediately and proposed that I do a series entitled “In the Absence of Critics: Introspections on Human Rights” so I could start from the beginning.

No sooner said than done, my first two articles introduced the reader to the origin of human rights but were not published; at least not by The Oslo Times and not until much later:

<http://intellihub.com/in-the-absence-of-critics-introspections-on-human-rights/>

<http://intellihub.com/the-right-to-rights-the-geopolitics-of-human-rights-2/>

In writing the third article, however, I dug so deep that I came to the mother lode and did not even immediately realize it. By force of intellect alone and divine introspection if you want, I had uncovered the global depopulation prerogative. I sent it to Hatef with a sense of tremendous pride as I had sensed the article's extraordinary importance. I knew nothing like it had even been written and that it opened up the dark insides of the man-made world to the searing light of truth, pure and unadulterated truth.

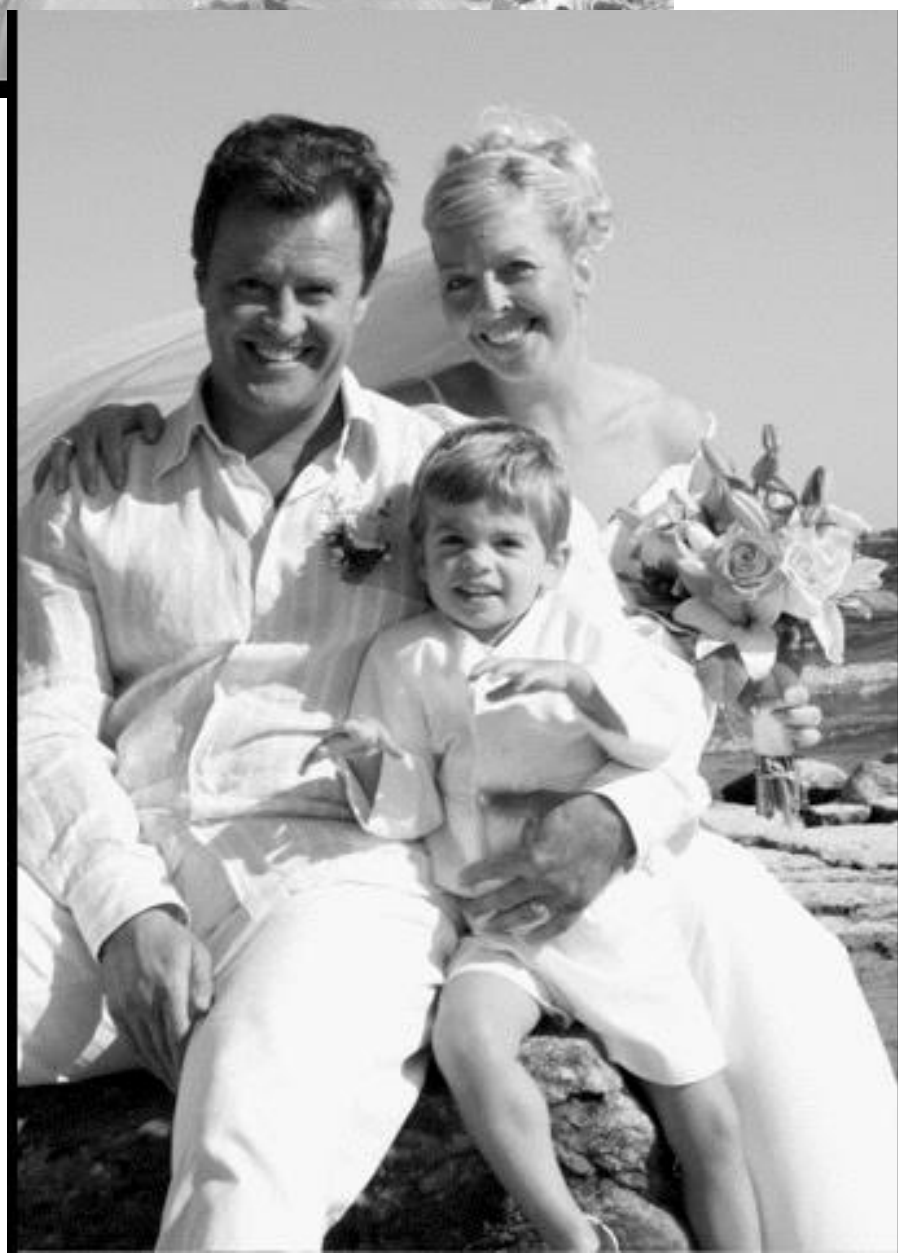
I called the article "*The Effects of Overpopulation on Human Rights*". The response I received from Hatef was a three word email: "You need help" and never heard from him again.

You can read the article here:

<http://intellihub.com/part-3-the-effects-of-overpopulation-on-human-rights/>

It is the beginning of the end of the world as we know it.





DAY 36
(Saturday, 24 May 2014)
UNDER ATTACK AGAIN

It is DAY 36 and for the past two days I have been under attack by the system. These cowards are hitting under the belt again because they cannot win an open fight. And again they are using my wife, who is not a sane woman, as anyone reading this legal file will quickly ascertain:

http://real-agenda.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/05/Affidavit_of_Kevin_Galalae_2013.pdf

As it so happens, my story in Florida forces me to speak about my wife's conduct. In yesterday's update I described what I did once I reached the safety of Florida to protect myself. In today's update I will describe what the system did to protect itself from me.

Either due to the intervention of the international courts or decisions made by President Obama, the American authorities never came to arrest and extradite me back to Canada, even though the Canadian authorities had issued a couple of arrest warrants. Everyone knew where I was once I began using the local library to communicate with the world via the internet.

The Americans acted in a far more elegant and intelligent way than the clumsy Canadians. To stop me from talking to my wife, which I did from a public phone five minutes by bicycle from my sister's house, the Americans came one night and uprooted the phone and never brought it back. Since that was the only public phone within cycling distance from where I lived that put an end to my daily conversations with my wife. And a good thing it did, because as I was later to find out, when I had access to part of the Crown disclosure, my wife had been taping all our conversations and was giving them to the police so they could arrest me for breaching the no-communication order. The only reason I had begun communicating with her in the first place is because she kept calling my sister's house and threatening that unless I talk to her she will destroy my property, writings, books and art, the very same strategy she is once again using, as the enclosed legal letter will demonstrate:

https://www.academia.edu/7138288/Letter_from_Lanny_Kamin_20_May_2014

She also complained that she had no safe car for the boys so I sent her the ownership papers to the Mercedes that I had left behind in Canada, as well as the insurance papers and a letter transferring ownership to her. And because she complained that she could not take the children out of the country without a letter from me, I sent her a letter allowing her to take the children abroad at her leisure. All the while, my wife kept feeding the police with my voice recordings so the Canadian authorities could issue an arrest warrant on the grounds that I was breaching the no-





communication order. That is the kind of wife I have. And that is the kind of government Canada has; the kind that will use a mentally and emotionally ill woman to accomplish political objectives under the cover of the criminal code.

The most heartbreaking aspect of my conversations with my wife is not that she refused to sell the house and join me in exile, but that she refused to allow me to talk to the children. I could not understand – and to this day cannot understand – how the woman I loved and married could harm her own children to satisfy her bigotry. It must be known that my wife turned on me not because she objected to my defense of human rights, but because she objected that I defended the expressional rights of Muslims, which the covert program of surveillance and censorship that I had shut down in the UK was all about, as far as she was concerned. My wife's hatred of Muslims (fed and encouraged by her father, sister and brother) proved to be greater than her love for her own children and husband. In addition to her mental and emotional instability, which the cabal used to the fullest, they have also used and continue to use my wife's bigotry, just as they have been using the bigotry of people throughout the western world since 9/11, in order to institute a regime of martial law under the pretext that we are being defended against Muslim extremists.

To prevent me from communicating with the outside world, the Americans shut down for a day the library I was using in order to install software that prevented anyone with a Hotmail account (the type I used at the time) to attach anything to an email, so that I could not send files to the media and NGOs. When that no longer worked, since I was going to friends' homes to attach files to one of my email accounts and then simply forwarded them to others, they returned to the library a few weeks later, shut it down for a day again, and installed software to ensure that only people with membership cards could use the computers. But I circumvented that hurdle too by using my nephew's card.

I was being contained electronically rather than incarcerated and I found the cat and mouse game with the CIA or NSA or whatever agency the American were using rather amusing.

While this personal turmoil with my wife and the spooks was going on, I was working feverishly on writing my first book on depopulation, which focused on fluoride and GMOs; a book that I researched and wrote in just two months, July and August 2012, and entitled "*Water, Salt, Milk: Killing Our Unborn Children*". It is available here:

http://pdf.thesleuthjournal.com/government/Water_Salt_Milk_-_Killing_our_unborn_children.pdf

I worked on this book with a sense of desperate urgency, knowing that with every day that passes countless people around the world are being sickened, millions of children are being damaged for life while still in their mothers' wombs, and scores of innocents are being poisoned into a premature death.

As soon as I finished the book, at the end of August, I made about one hundred copies on CDs and sent half of them by slow mail to various Catholic organizations, the Vatican, the Vatican embassy in Washington DC, and to anti-fluoridation organizations throughout the world. In my attached letters I asked the Vatican to contact me but it never did.

A day later, I took twenty copies with me and cycled to the town of Clermont, some ten miles away, to give every religious institution in town a CD with my book. It was a Sunday, and I waited until the end of the service to talk to the priest of the only Catholic establishment in town, the Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church, to ask him to find a parishioner who would drive me to Washington, DC, to speak to the nuncio, the Vatican ambassador, on a matter that concerns the lives of one billion Christians and 6 billion non-Christians. He refused to help.

The next day, I took the bus to Orlando with a fresh batch of CDs to personally hand a copy to Bishop John Gerard Noonan. Since he was out of town for the day I left a copy with his personal assistant and asked her that she gives this the highest priority and that I need to speak to Bishop Noonan as soon as he reads the book.

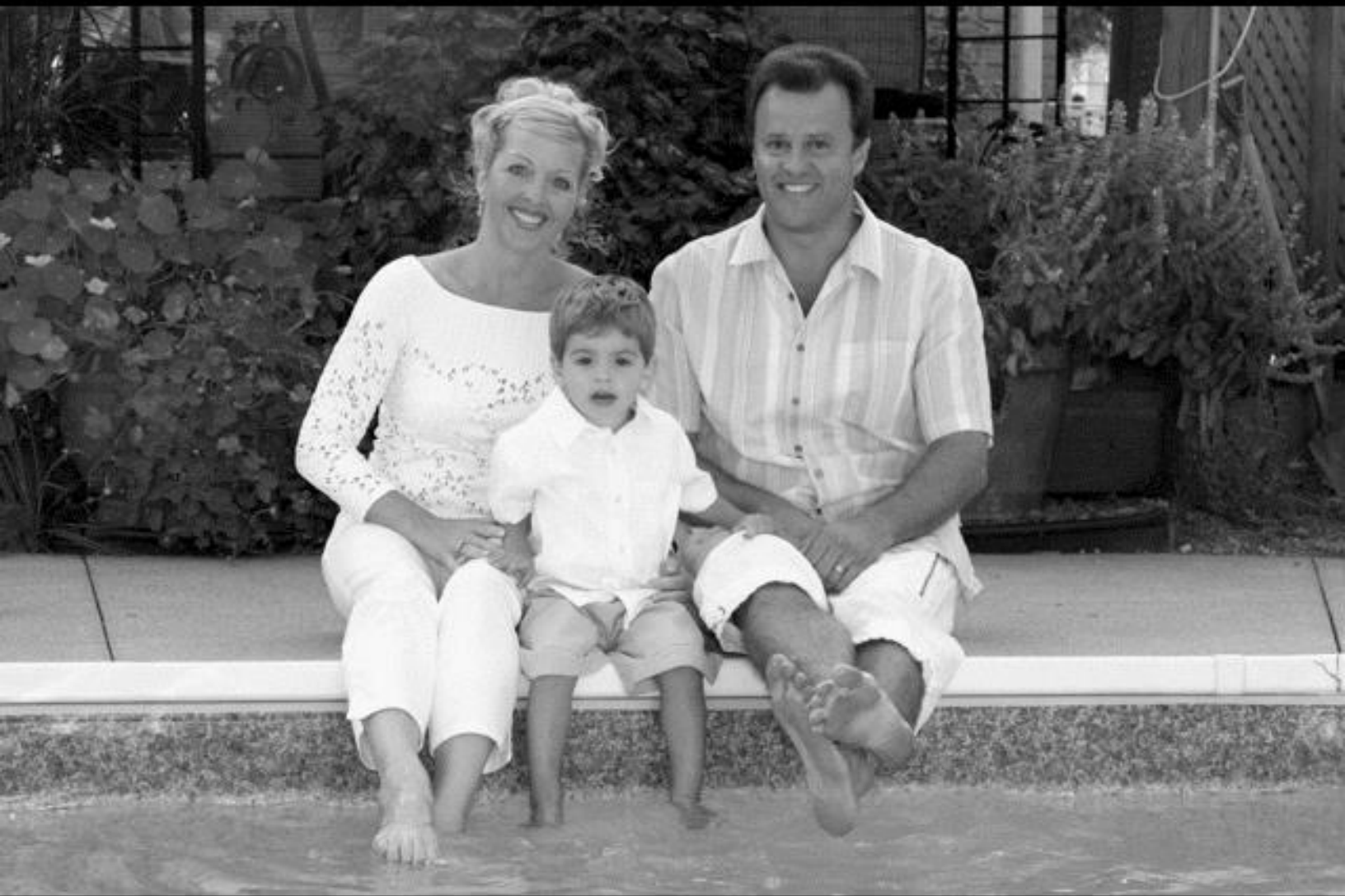
The remaining three dozen copies I then gave to random individuals on the street or left in the mailing boxes of various residential areas to make sure I cover as large a geographic area as I could. I saved two copies, one for the Orlando Sentinel and the other for the local television station, which I hand-delivered to their offices.

Neither the media nor any of the religious institutions contacted me. Instead, about a week later, President Obama flew into Clermont, which is a dinky little town of no significance, by presidential helicopter on an unscheduled visit. It was only reported as a blurb on the local television channel. I can only assume that he was responding to the alarm raised by the clerics as a result of my book.

A few weeks later, President Obama announced that fluoridation levels across the country will be lowered effective immediately from 1.5 PPM to 0.5 PPM, in direct response to research I quote in my book which shows that the concentration of 0.5 PPM allows the fertility rate to bounce back to 2 children per woman and is less harmful to the body.

For the second time, I had changed national policy, first in the UK and now in the US, and had set back the global depopulation program.

I was beaming with satisfaction and walking on cloud nine.





DAY 37
(Sunday, 25 May 2014)
PAST AND PRESENT

It is DAY 37 of my hunger strike and I continue to be in the best of health especially now that I have addressed the sodium issue and my heart is ticking again as it should. Angered by the system's latest attack on me and fueled by the four olives a day that I now grant myself, I have needed to get out of the house and both yesterday and today went for long walks, at least 25 Km each day.

The scales show that I have lost only 100 grams in the past two days and that means I now weigh 75.8 Kg or 167 pounds and 2 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 16.4 Kg or 36 pounds and 2 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 17.7% and has done so by losing an average of 455 grams or 16 ounces a day.

Yesterday's destination was the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria to see Bernini's famous statue, "The Ecstasy of St. Theresa". And today I went to visit the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, which has extraterritorial status since it belongs to the Vatican and is patrolled by Vatican not Italian Police. To my delight, I arrived just as a huge congregation of Filipinos was holding a special mass and the enormous nave and aisles of this serene and tranquil basilica were teeming with people shrouded in the scent and haze of incense.

I confess that yesterday I caved in to my cravings and eat a cone of Italian gelato with three flavors – pistachio, limone, and straciatella. Needless to say, it was pure heaven. And since there was no water to be had in glass bottles – and I never drink out of plastic anymore, knowing what I do about BPA – I bought myself a freshly squeezed orange juice and as I drank it I could feel the vitamins surge through every cell in my body and all the way to my eyeballs, which thanked me immediately with better vision.

To ascertain if the papacy is behind the threat to destroy my belongings in my absence, I sent an email to the Vatican and carbon copied it to all relevant people. I await their response before I publish it, if indeed I need to.

Before I went on my wondering through town today, I did my prayer on St. Peter's square early in the morning. The square was almost empty because Pope Francis is not in the country to give Sunday mass. He is in the Holy Land, as you all know. Instead, the large screens were rolled down and broadcasting live from the Middle East. As I prayed, a *muezzin* (person who recites the call to prayer at mosques) gave a lilting and evocative call to prayer or sermon of some sort in Arabic and I found it extraordinarily powerful and beautiful. It helped lift me to a higher realm in my prayer and soon tears poured out of my eyes uncontrollably and I could hear a photo

camera clicking all around me. I tried to stem the flow but couldn't. I don't know why or for what reason. The emotions just welled up in me and burst out in tears.

After the prayer, with perfect timing, Pope Francis began to speak live from Bethlehem, the place where Christ was born and that I was fortunate to visit in 1998. He spoke movingly and in Italian, a language I adore, about children. And as my eyes were already full of tears I just closed them and let the tears flow freely as I listened to Pope Francis exhort us to love the children and to save the little ones who are in need, who are abandoned, lonely, hungry, desperate. To find them, hold, hug and to comfort them. To take the time to listen to them and meet their needs. And I thought about my Ben and Oliver, about the hurt and the doubt that must plague their tender hearts as they wonder and ache for their father, as mine does for them.

Enough about today. Let me return to my adventures in Florida.

No sooner did I finish writing "Water, Salt, Milk: Killing our Unborn Children" that I set out to find a way to tell the people of the world about the deadly secrets that are being withheld from them. I had to find a way to break through the media's conspiracy of silence. To shame journalists and editors into action or give them the courage to act like men rather than live like rats. I knew that if I am to succeed I would have to confound and outsmart the system of control. So I set out and compiled an 810-page Global Media Directory and Wendy Blanks, the brave-hearted editor of The Sleuth Journal graciously accepted to host it on her publication's website, where to this day it can be accessed free of cost:

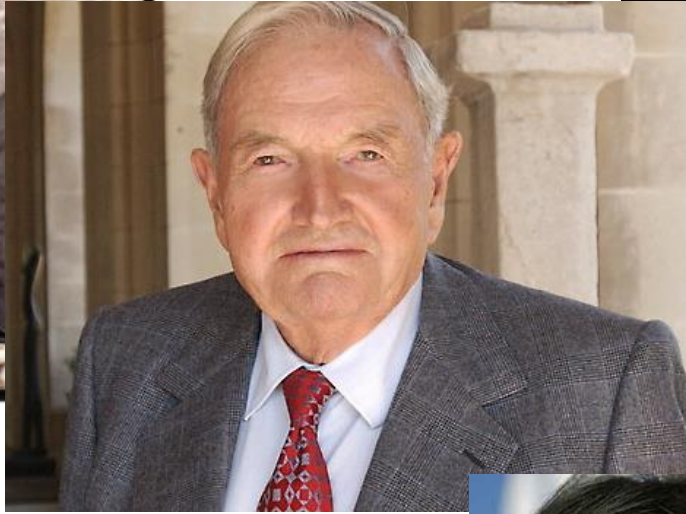
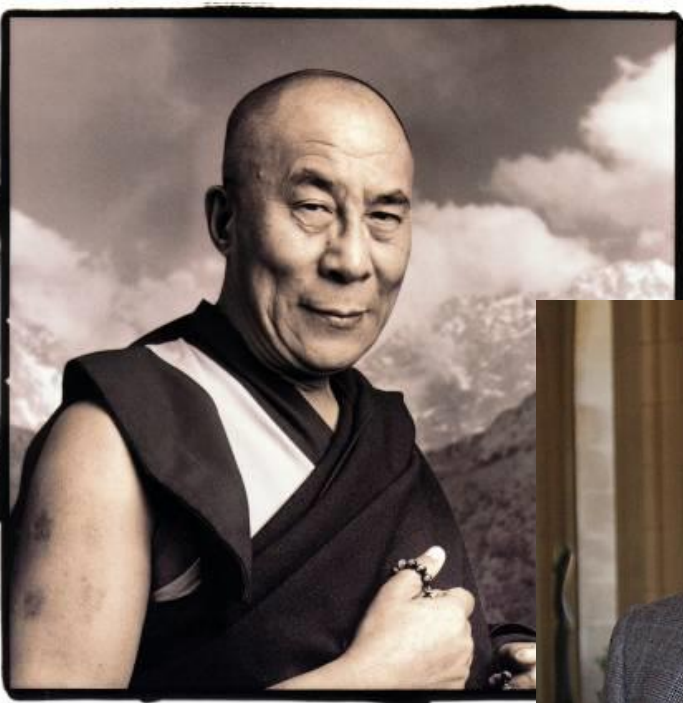
<http://www.thesleuthjournal.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/11/Global-Media-Directory.pdf>

It took me two months of relentless day and night work, September and October, to complete this massive directory, which contains over 10,000 email addresses. I data mined and categorized the most important media outlets – print, radio and television – in 195 countries. And as soon as I finished it, I spent an entire week emailing every media person in 55 select countries, all the while being shut down by the American censorship apparatus, which bounced back my emails. To bypass them, I opened a dozen email accounts and worked two library computers at once. I have no idea how many of my emails made it through, but I certainly kept a good number of NSA computer geeks busy and on their toes.

I start my Global Media Directory with the following warning:

*"This directory has been compiled to inform the world about the secret depopulation policy, as exposed in the book **"Water, Salt, Milk: Killing Our Unborn Children"**, and to hold members of the media personally responsible for crimes against humanity and genocide if they fail to break the silence and continue to withhold the truth and lie to the general public. It is also intended to facilitate coordinated action and direct communication between the media entities of the world's 193 countries."*





In addition and in parallel to my work on the media directory, I wrote and published a series of hard-hitting open letters to various entities and was given access to the website of professional journalists in Europe, the European Journalism Community (EJC), to whom I am grateful for their courage and integrity, for they allowed me to bypass the system while using the system's resources. I chose the recipients of my letters carefully and crafted my letters accordingly and with the strategic goal in mind of breaking the ranks of the depopulation coalition or at the very least weakening its foundation.

These are my open letters:

Letter to Religious Leaders (24 September 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-religious-leaders-1?xg_source=activity

Letter to UN Human Rights Commissioner Navanethem Pillay (4 October 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-un-human-rights-commissioner-navanethem-pillay?xg_source=activity

Letter to Anti-Fluoridation Leaders (3 October 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-anti-fluoridation-leaders?xg_source=activity

Dr. Bill Osmunson, President of the Washington Action for Safe Water, confirms the fluoridation genocide (10 October 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/dr-bill-osmunson-president-of-the-washington-action-for-safe?xg_source=activity

Letter to the Vatican (18 October 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-the-vatican?xg_source=activity

Letter to Lieutenant General Patricia D. Horoho (24 October 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-lieutenant-general-patricia-d-horoho?xg_source=activity

Letter to Chinese doctors and scientists of the Chinese Medical Journal (15 November 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-chinese-doctors-and-scientists-of-the-chinese-medical?xg_source=activity

Letter to the Media (28 November 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/letter-to-the-media?xg_source=activity

Open Letter to David Rockefeller, Sr. (29 November 2012)

http://community.ejc.net/profiles/blogs/open-letter-to-david-rockefeller-sr?xg_source=activity

Needless to say, my letters sent shivers through the spine of the system and had all sorts of effects. Mr. Rockefeller tried to communicate with me through one of his attorneys but was shut down by the government. General Horoho took down an article from the US Army Medical Command website in which she was asking for a rethink of fluoridation. President Obama and Vice-President Biden removed from the White House website a list of the administration members who served on a special population council headed by President Obama himself, in a clear attempt to distance themselves from the crimes committed in the name of population control.

What happened behind the scenes we will not know for a long time to come, but it is certain that the wheels were set in motion for a complete change. Without the cover of secrecy, which I had blown, no covert methods could continue for long. Both the UN and the US must have realized that the end of an era had come and they began to plan for change.

I could feel in the pit of my stomach that I had given the system a mortal blow. The time had come for me to go back to Canada and like Neo in The Matrix battle with the system from within, in hand to hand combat, to destroy it by taking it beyond its limits, in the space where the illusion of the rule of law ends and God begins.

Because there the beast is helpless and man is almighty.





DAY 38
(Monday, 26 May 2014)
AT THE DOORS OF THE VATICAN EMBASSY

It is DAY 38 of my hunger strike and I am going strong and showing no signs of weakness today whatsoever.

Those of you who ever doubted the effectiveness of my peaceful protest and of our combined efforts to save our children, ought to take a look at the Swedish government's recent announcement:

<http://www.government.se/sb/d/18521/a/241118>

This is an unprecedented move on the part of the Swedish authorities and shows that we have broken the rank of the coalition of the unwilling and now national authorities are beginning to protect their citizens from supra-national authorities who poison our basic elements of life with endocrine disruptors. It is very telling that the Swedish authorities refer to products thus adulterated as "biocidal", a very apt description.

Now let me continue my story where I left off yesterday.

I am packing my bags with a heavy heart to return to Canada and kill the beast from within. It is not a decision that was easy to make, knowing that I would be arrested the moment I present my passport at the border. Before I go into the beast's belly, I want to try to convince the Vatican to grant me temporary asylum in the hope that with the Holy See's assistance I can slay the beast from the safety of the Vatican's sanctuary. My chances are slim, I realize, because all my efforts to elicit the help of the Catholic Church have been fruitless. But it is worth a try.

If I am to succeed I will have to be very persuasive and will have to convince someone who is high up in the Church hierarchy and intimately familiar with the depopulation secret. I settle on Archbishop Carlo Maria Viganò, the Apostolic Nuncio (ambassador) to the United States, due to his high office and relative proximity to me, but also because I discover a speech he gave at Interpol which proves he is fully aware of the covert chemical depopulation methods.

This is part of his speech that he gave in 2010:

"Perhaps we need hardly mention the importance of the mission of the United Nations at a time when we are experiencing the obvious paradox of a multilateral consensus that continues to be in crisis because it is still subordinated to the decisions of a few, whereas the world's problems call for interventions in the form of collective action by the international community. The phenomenon of globalization itself – as Benedict XVI pointed out in his historic address before the United Nations Organization on 20 April 2008 – cannot fail to concern the UN inasmuch as, by its essence, it constitutes "the locus of a worldwide sharing of problems and possible solutions".



The issue which needs to be faced is one closely linked to the process of globalization which is now affecting every aspect of the life of nations, people and individuals, and is accompanied by political and economic changes which are often uncontrolled and even uncontrollable. This in fact is what touches most closely the lives of nations and individual citizens. While it is true that globalization offers opportunities for development and enrichment, it is also true that it can cause increased poverty and hunger, which in turn can spark chain reactions often leading to widely disparate forms of violence. Nor can we underestimate the fact that the fruits of technological and scientific progress can, for all their enormous benefits to humanity, be used in a way that clearly violates the order of creation, even to the point of denying the sacredness of life and stripping the human person and the family of their natural identity.

In this complex situation, mankind finds itself at risk. What is the way to move forward? The Church never tires of insisting that it can only be done by respecting "ethical imperatives". Consistent with this stand, the Holy See continues to call for the promotion and the protection of rights as sanctioned by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, above all the right to life and, not least, the right of religious freedom."

(Full speech is available here: <http://press.vatican.va/content/salastampa/it/bollettino/pubblico/2010/11/09/0689/01567.html>)

Clearly, Archbishop Viganò is a man in the know and in him I will find a sympathetic ear, I reasoned. The letter I wrote him on the afternoon of 8 December 2012, just one day prior to my return to Canada, is groundbreaking in many ways and until today I have never made it public. It undoubtedly rocked the Vatican to the core. Here it is:

8 December 2012

Archbishop Carlo Maria Viganò
Apostolic Nuncio to the United States
Apostolic Nunciature of the Holy Sea
3339 Massachusetts Ave. NW
Washington D.C., 2008
nuntiususa@nuntiususa.org

The Most Reverend, Archbishop Viganò,

I seek refuge in the Vatican embassy in the hope that His Holiness will grant me political and spiritual asylum, as well as asylum of a nature not yet recognized by the international community and its laws as no such threat has previously haunted the citizens of free and sovereign states; asylum for the sanctity of the body and mind, sanctity that is threatened by the covert chemical and biological poisons unleashed on innocents by our own governments in the name of the global depopulation policy. I therefore seek sanctuary, safe passage, protection and assistance from the Vatican, requests that I describe in more detail below.

Having read the intervention speech you gave as Secretary General of the Governorate of the Holy Sea at the Interpol General Assembly in November 2010, I know that in you I shall find a sympathetic ear and an informed mind familiar with the bitter reality that is being concealed from the general public at incalculable cost to our humanity, societies and to Creation itself. It

is this bitter reality that I have exposed in my book “[Water, Salt, Milk: Killing Our Unborn Children](#)”¹, and in so doing have become *persona non grata* throughout the world except the Vatican, which is the only sovereign state that is not a member of the UN and has not subscribed to its depopulation measures and that in fact has consistently and adamantly opposed the UN’s and the WHO’s interference with human fertility for the purpose of addressing the demographic, economic and environmental problems caused by overpopulation.

My status as *persona non grata* was sealed most recently when I began distributing a “[Global Media Directory](#)” to inform the key media people of the world’s 193 nations of the secret war governments are waging on their citizens to comply with the demands made by the United Nations and its agencies for the purpose of addressing the overpopulation imperative. In my 28 November “[Letter to the Media](#)”, I attempt to compel individuals and organizations to act in good conscience and to reveal the truth to their fellow nationals so that every man, woman and child on the planet has the knowledge necessary to defend their lives and dignity and to protect their genetic lines from planned extinction and their nations from genocide.

The nearly three-year-long progression of my case from one of concern only to Oxford and Leicester universities, to one of concern to the UK and its illegal and covert *program of surveillance and censorship* (SAC) of the academic environment, to one of concern to the UN agencies entrusted with delegating the counter-radicalization measures adopted in 2005 at the Security Council level, is documented in my “[Appeal to the UN Human Rights Council](#)” and in my “[Request for Interim Measures](#)” and will serve as evidence of my credentials as an internationally recognized human rights activist. How I became a dissident in exile and narrowly escaped Canada to save my life and freedom is documented in an article published by The Oslo Times and entitled “[Canadian Activist Flees Canada in Terror](#)”. My earlier ordeals are also the subject of a televised interview with Princeton TV entitled “[The Plight of Kevin Galalae](#)”. Finally, dozens of documents and hundreds of pieces of evidence pertaining to my case and to the perverse and criminal ways in which the UK and Canada have separated me from my wife and children and are holding my children hostage in order to force me to acquiesce are housed online by Wikispooks at the [page designated to me](#). My most recent and public appeals in regards to the depopulation policy to regulatory authorities, religious leaders, heads of states and the UN Commissioner for Human Rights, intended to bring the ongoing genocide to a halt, have been published by the [European Journalists Community \(EJC\)](#).

Before appealing to the Vatican your Excellency must know that I have exhausted all other legal, institutional and political avenues available.

1. My civil lawsuits in Canada have been shut down through underhanded maneuvering, false arrests, kangaroo courts, coerced doctors who have fabricated erroneous medical records, coopted lawyers paid to act in bad faith, corrupted officials who have made false depositions, as well as corrupted judges who have falsified court documents to ensure that justice and the truth never see the light of day and that I am bankrupted, homeless

¹ I have sent a digital copy of my book to the Nunciature as soon as I finished writing it in September. The secretary has confirmed receipt by phone two weeks later.

and deprived of all legal safeguards enshrined in the constitution and the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

2. The proceedings I have launched shortly after my escape from Canada at the international courts have born no fruit as all three courts I have appealed to have disappeared behind a veil of silence in order to avoid confronting the irreconcilable conflict between the rule of law that they are meant to uphold and the geopolitical realities imposed on them by the political establishment, which command them to ignore any case that threatens to expose the crimes against humanity and the global genocide committed in the name of the depopulation policy. The European Court of Human Rights (ECHR), the Inter-American Commission for Human Rights (IACHR), and the UN Human Rights Council (HRC) have made of mockery of due process and the rule of law falling silent and thus refusing to either accept or reject my application.
3. To address my legal status I have applied for political asylum to six nations before I had even discovered that the ultimate source of my problems was the depopulation policy. Switzerland and Costa Rica have rejected my application for asylum. Argentina, Bolivia and Venezuela have not even acknowledged my applications. And Norway has shut down its process of considering my application as soon as I published my book on the global depopulation policy, to which Norway has been an intrinsic part from the very beginning.
4. The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) has also refused to consider my appeal for protection and transfer to a safe place on the grounds that I am under American jurisdiction being on American soil. The fact that I have no intention of remaining on American soil, that I have never intended to apply for political or even temporary asylum in the United States and that the United States is a driving force of the eugenic depopulation policy and therefore I would never seek asylum in the US have failed to dissuade the UNHCR from refusing to fulfill its obligations in accordance with the 1951 Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees (the “Geneva Convention”) and the 1967 Protocol (the “Protocol”) which define a refugee as a person who “*owing to well-founded fear of being persecuted for reason of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country.*”
5. When I realized that the root cause of the demise of the rule of law is the depopulation policy and the need to conceal the criminal methods of chemical poisoning and biological infection by which eugenicists have decided to reduce fertility and increase mortality in order to address overpopulation, I knew that the only way I will reclaim my life and be reunited with my children is by exposing the deception and shutting it down in the court of public opinion. To prevent me from doing this, the eugenicists have removed the public phone I used to speak with family and friends, they have tampered with the software in the public library I use to communicate with the outside world so as to prevent me from attaching files to emails, they interfere with my emails and block both incoming and outgoing emails on all my accounts, they have taken down dozens of

articles I published on Scribd and dozens of posts from LinkedIn and other social media, they have intimidated my family and friends, and have broken into the email accounts of supporters as far afield as Italy and Romania. More perversely, they have surrounded me with false friends and have monopolised where and how I can disseminate information. These false friends use subtle psychological methods to persuade me to give up my work and abandon truth and humanity. They issue veiled threats that by pursuing my work I jeopardise the lives of my children and mark myself for life. To gradually demoralize me they then withdraw their support or pretend to have done me a great favour when in fact they work against me day and night. The sum total of their actions constitutes gross ethical violations as well as violations of my expressional rights and the right to assemble and organize for peaceful purposes, as well as the right to disseminate information that is vital to the survival of billions and is therefore an interference with the right to self-defence. The evil that animates the eugenicists is compelling them to commit ever greater crimes in order to cover-up previous and current crimes. In so doing, they are irrevocably driving humankind towards violence as the only method left for self-defence. In so doing, they are also gradually forcing me to resort to crime as the only means by which to survive and to violence as the only means by which to defend my rights and liberties and the lives of my children and of my fellow men, for I will never acquiesce to an international system that uses genocide and crimes against humanity as political solutions.

As a result of this system-wide collapse of the rule of law and the handcuffing of the institutions entrusted with safeguarding and applying the rule of law and with safeguarding our rights and liberties and our highest moral values, I find myself without the means to support myself and without a destination where I can seek refuge and asylum. I am in legal limbo, economic suspended animation, and political paralysis. And as anyone with flesh and blood can attest to, these are impossible conditions for sustaining life.

The eugenicists have isolated me by the same methods they have isolated the Church, proving that they have neither respect for the rule of law nor for the moral and ethical norms that have guided humanity towards progress and civilization. Despite their most insidious efforts I have not only survived and pursued my goals but have used their strength to my advantage.

I have succeeded because I have truth, justice and compassion on my side, and these are God's weapons. My efforts are genuine, driven solely by love, originate with me and me alone, are self-directed, in good faith, peaceful, mindful of the realities that constrain all sides, and intended to arrive at results that are of benefit to all, that reflect the best traits of human nature and that put humanity on the right path so as to establish a new and higher equilibrium in the here and now between the creative and destructive forces that govern all existence.

It is my hope that the Vatican will offer me sanctuary, will arrange for my safe passage from the United States to the Holy Sea, and for protection and assistance once I am there so that I can continue to spread the word and to arm the general public with the knowledge necessary to rise as one against the eugenic depopulation policy and change the course of humankind from one that is heading straight into the heart of evil to one that ascends towards God's light.

Should I be granted these protections I will use the first six months of my stay at the Vatican to write a short history of the depopulation policy and the remaining days of my life to illuminate the minds of all men with the realities we face and the challenges that await us so as to kindle a transformation at the top, bottom and middle of society in all corners of the world.

God has chosen me for the task of redirecting the course of mankind. It is a mystery to me why God has chosen me for this monumental task, but chosen He has.

Perhaps He has chosen me because I am untainted and unspoiled by organized religion. Perhaps God is angry that religious leaders presume to know his will and have monopolized the channels of communication between man and the divine. Perhaps He resents that religious leaders have become part of the wall of silence. Perhaps God has decided that the time has come for the birth of a new axial age to lift us to the next level of being. Perhaps an agnostic like me is the perfect candidate to fuse religion with science, faith with reason, and love with law. Or perhaps it is my human vanity and arrogance speaking.

There are many uncertainties but one thing is clear. In the Palau Islands, on my sixth night of isolation, God came to me in the middle of the night in the shape of my deceased father and planted his strength at the core of my being in a blaze of light along with the message that I am *“to live on love alone”*. It is equally clear that a few months later, at Iguaçu Falls, in the Brazilian forest, under a midnight rainbow of moonlight of waterfall mist, He gave me a mission, *“to be the drop of water that changes the course of the river”* that mankind represents. These events, both the epiphany and the annunciation, occurred in 2004. It was not until 2009 that I was thrown into the fray of history and put to the test.

Other signs, before and since, that I have ignored until recently, paint a more complete picture of my metamorphoses from an atheist, to an agnostic and finally to a deeply spiritual person, and I would like to discuss them with the representatives of the Church who have the necessary expertise to interpret them properly and strip them of my own and inevitable sense of self-importance.

Only a rigorous investigation of who I am, what I stand for, and where I come from can reveal the true nature and purpose of my being and whether indeed I have been entrusted by God with a sacred mission or I have entrusted myself with a sacred mission in God’s name. And what better place to perform such an investigation than at the Vatican!

I come to the gates of the Holy See both as a man in need of help and as a man who can help. With the Church’s help I will be able to redirect the course of humanity and to prevent history’s greatest genocide from becoming humanity’s death sentence. Without the Church’s help the world will continue to march towards self-annihilation and the third secret of Fatima will become reality. I firmly believe that Sister Lucia’s vision of the execution of the Holy Father *“by a group of soldiers who fired bullets and arrows at him, and in the same way there died one after another the other Bishops, Priests, men and women Religious, and various lay people of different ranks and positions”* can have only one interpretation, the retaliation of the populace against the members of the elite for their collaboration, be it tacit or implicit, in the genocidal acts committed against innocent civilians since 1945 by covert chemical and biological means in the

name of the depopulation policy.

But as Tarcisio Bertone, Archbishop Emeritus of Vercelli and Secretary of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, mentions in his commentary of Fatima's visions, the Virgin Mary, who appeared at Fatima, sought to remind us "*that man's future is in God, and that we are active and responsible partners in creating that future.*" It is therefore within our means to prevent such an outcome by ensuring that the world comes to know the truth and to understand the circumstances that have led to such desperate and terrible acts on the part of our leaders and that by this understanding the global populace will develop the conscience and consciousness necessary to forgive and to henceforth assume responsibility for the future of mankind.

The fact that Sister Lucia insisted the envelope be opened only after 1960, otherwise people would not understand, is further indication that her vision is related to the genocidal war conducted in secret by the world's governments under the direction of the UN since the early fifties on the entire European population and since the sixties on the people of the Western hemisphere and beyond.

Only an act of evil as vast as this would generate the kind of anger and violence revealed in the third vision at Fatima.

With the Vatican's help, I firmly believe that we can unite religious and secular forces in common purpose and vanquish evil that by preying on human weakness and taking advantage of our dated loyalties and deep divisions has come to have the world firmly in its grip.

Respectfully yours,

Kevin Mugur Galalae

I emailed my letter to the Vatican embassy in advance of my arrival in Washington, DC, on the morning of 10 December 2012. Tired from a night of travel by bus, weary of what the future holds for me, and with a sense of foreboding that the weight of the world is mine and mine alone to bear, I knocked on the massive doors of the Apostolic Nunciature of the Holy See, which is located just across the official residence of the Vice-President of the United States on Observatory Hill, and before anyone answered I sensed negative energy.

A nun with a stern face and dead-cold eyes opened the door and the moment our eyes locked I knew she knew exactly who I was. She refused to not only allow me inside the embassy to talk to ambassador Viganò but to even take the envelope I had prepared for him, which contained my letter and a CD with copies of my relevant publications. She had clearly been instructed to send me away and her attitude was one of firm resolution in the face of mortal fear.





My last straw had broken and as the nun shut the door in my face, while I reminded her that she was violating the Church's teachings by turning away a man in need who seeks sanctuary with the Church, I felt deep sorrow for the billion Catholics who put their faith in an institution that is beyond contempt and knew that Fatima's third vision is soon to come true and end the Church and with it 2000 years of history.

Indifferent rather than disappointed, I made my way to the nearby Norwegian embassy to ask, just for the heck of it, what had happened to my application for asylum. The clerk typed my name into her computer and her face changed color, turning beat red, and then, with a spiteful tone in her face told me that no one at the embassy had any desire to speak to me. I thanked her and walked away.

Fourteen hours later, just past midnight, I presented my passport at the Peace Bridge Buffalo border crossing. The Canadian customs officer became as tense as a bowstring as soon as his computer screen flashed my information. He read the text in front of him three times and seemed incapable or unwilling to believe what he was reading. He found an excuse to leave his desk and two minutes later returned with two other officers who flanked me on both sides and informed me that there is an arrest warrant for me and that they will have to restrain me and take me into custody. My heart did not skip a beat. In fact, I was infinitely calmer than the three officers who arrested me and who treated me with the same consideration that might have been afforded a head of state. The file they had read must have indicated that I am a most wanted person but must be treated with the utmost caution and respect, which the officers did as they cuffed me gingerly and read me my rights.

They then led me to a brand new and sparkingly clean holding cell just a few steps away, uncuffed me, and asked me if I needed anything and then locked the steel door without a sound. I lay down on the heated metal block that serves as a bed, closed my eyes, covered my face with the sleeve of my jacket to shelter my eyes from the glaring light above me, which I knew would never be turned off for security reasons, and went into a deep and peaceful sleep.

I was in the belly of the beast and I was strong, stronger than at any other time in my life and then any other person in the world.

DAY 39
(Tuesday, 27 May 2014)
75 DAYS OF HUNGER AND LONELINESS

It is DAY 39 of my hunger strike and something extraordinary is happening to my body; it is flourishing during this regime of absolute privation, so much so that I am bursting with energy and good health and a sense of inner happiness. Everything seems to be in perfect alignment today – body, mind, spirit – and out of this come so many rewards: spiritual, physical and mental. Am I defying nature or is nature allowed to work its miracles now that I have abandoned so many earthly comforts? Whatever the answer, I am enjoying the rewards and am grateful for being able to experience this bliss and tranquility, this sense of liberation from material constraints, all the while being fully engaged and engorged in the world's problems.

I did my prayer early in the morning and on the way to St. Peter's square I thought about the precarious situation of religion, the dilemma all religions find themselves in due to the conflicting tug of material realities and immaterial ideals. People need an anchor in their lives, a refuge from the turbulence of life, a sanctuary from their problems, and want faith to be unchanging, immutable, a paradise island in the ocean of life. They want answers and certainty. To give them this sense of artificial stability, religious leaders have fashioned their faiths into something they can never be – a permanent, enduring, ageless place in a forever changing universe.

Stability does not come from immutability but from adaptability in a forever changing universe. What was right and useful a thousand years ago is no longer valid or helpful today. And so in every age there comes a time when we must reevaluate and rewrite the rules by which we live. And with every revision we build on the wisdom of previous generations and readjust our civilization to the requirements of the universe, to the ongoing evolution, to the rush of the time-space continuum in whose stream we flow.

If you are a man on a beach and see coming towards you a tsunami you don't stand still and hope for God or the power of prayer to save you. What you do is run for dear life and for high ground and grab whoever and whatever you can with you. God helps those who help themselves, not those who expect God to compensate for their stupidity, or laziness, or ignorance.

We have come to a point in our history when we must help ourselves or be swept under by a tsunami of unprecedented proportions; a tsunami of our own making because we have tried to arrest time by our artificial constructs; constructs of religion, of economics, of politics, of culture that have become ill-suited and at odds with the relentless flow of time, whose masters we are not and never will be, but that we must ride in the only direction it races, the future.

As I close my eyes and lift my hands in prayer position on the hallowed grounds of St. Peter's square, with the warmth of the stones below my bare feet, a breeze in my hair and the sun on my





face, my thoughts give way to my heart and my heart gives way to my breathing and my breathing lets the world into my soul and my soul becomes one with the flow of time and so time stands still for me and with me. Nirvana. Bliss. Heaven.

I open my eyes to the glaring light of my holding cell and the polite voice of a customs officer asking me if I would like some food and if so what kind. “We have a Tim Horton’s nearby and it’s still open”, he adds. “Yes, I would”, I reply. It’s two in the morning and I have not eaten in nearly two days. “Perhaps a ham and cheese sandwich on a baguette and a bowl of chicken noodle soup. I’m famished.” “Coming right up”, he says, and then informs me that the Kingston Police has sent a cruiser to pick me up and transfer me back home.

This is my last meal for many weeks to come and I savor every bite and relish every scent, however humble, however base. My first blow to the beast, I decide, is to confound and disable it. And the only way in which I can best do this in my position is through a hunger strike, which I announce as soon as I arrive in Kingston, am fingerprinted, interrogated, transferred to the Quinte Detention Center, processed, stripped naked, looked at in every orifice, given my orange prison-issue jumpsuit, and welcomed “home” by a sarcastic guard.

Since they know I mean business, as I have done a 7-day-long hunger strike during my fourth incarceration, I am immediately taken to the segregation wing and thrown into a windowless cell, twelve foot-soles long by 7 foot-soles wide, with a concrete block for a bed at the end of the grim and dismal space, a stainless steel toilet and sink on the right side, and a dim and perpetually lit light in the middle of the 15-foot-high ceiling.

For the first three days, the jail guards, undoubtedly acting on instructions from above, refuse to acknowledge that I am on hunger strike and therefore do not enter me in their records as being on hunger strike. For two weeks, I am not allowed out of the cell even for the daily 15-minute yard time. I am denied access to a phone or a lawyer. I am given neither pencils nor paper. I am refused books. And I am told continuously that no one knows or cares that I don’t eat, and that no one will ever know if I die of hunger in jail. I smile at the guards’ ignorance and tell them “We shall see about that”, knowing that soon the entire world will know about my sacrifices and my mistreatment and that Canada will have to live with the shame for all eternity because history is unforgiving and in the internet era nothing goes unrecorded and nothing is forgotten.

I record everything as soon as I am given pen and paper, because I know that my battle with the beast will become the stuff of legend and here, in this hell, I have to be my own chronicler. This is my hand-written hunger strike chart from Quinte, the one the guards thought the world would never know about:

https://www.linkedin.com/profile/view?id=137249251&trk=nav_responsive_tab_profile_pic

After about ten days I was placed in a 24-hour observation cell with a Plexiglas wall and a guard on the other side who wrote down everything I did and noted every time I urinated or drank

water. But the care did not extend to the courtesy of granting me enough blankets to stay warm and since I slept on an unheated concrete block without a mattress I was not only continuously cold but also perpetually uncomfortable. Due to the harshness of the surface I slept on it was impossible to sleep longer than five minutes at a time since the part of the body on which I happened to lay would fall asleep and this forced me to have to change position every few minutes so as not to get numb.

To make my life even more miserable and break my hunger strike, they turned off my hot water and I could only wash my hands and face with cold water, which only added to the constant freezing I felt, especially since the observation cell I was in was drafty. Yes, I was allowed one hot shower a day, but even that was controlled to make sure the water was only lukewarm for the first month and a half.

Thirty-eight days passed before I was given access to a lawyer, and she turned out to be handpicked by the government and tasked with getting me to plead guilty rather than prove my innocence.

On day 45, I had the first blood test and electrocardiogram and this continued once a week until my hunger strike ended on day 75. Miraculously, even though I had only water for the first 30 days and some 600 ml of lousy apple or orange juice per day thereafter, but no food whatsoever, my tests came back perfectly normal to the very end.

To make my cell more livable I drew on the wall above my sink the ying and yang symbol when the guards were not looking and my hunger strike chart on a different wall, but the guards came in and washed it all away while I was taking my shower. I then used an empty juice cup to draw intricate geometric patterns that kept not only my mind entertained but also my creativity alive in that Spartan cell.

I thought, wrote, read about 50 books, and meditated for hours every day, seeking shelter in and nourishment from the Lovelight. "Killing Us Softly" was born in that cell and most of it written in that cell as well. Most of all I thought about and ached for my children. I drew strength from the love I feel for Ben and Oliver and from the knowledge that my father, Dr. Costel Galalae, spent nearly five years in a communist prison as a political prisoner. If my father could do five years, I reasoned, then sure as hell I could do three months, or six, or nine; for that is how the Crown kept increasing the time in order to demoralize me.

I pushed myself not only to my physical limit, but also to great intellectual heights, and at no time did my mind waver or weaken; quite the contrary, as the body got weaker the mind got stronger and out of this dissonance the spirit soared, as though it had been freed from the double prison of the mind and body.

I received no letters though I wrote many.





By day 64 I had lost 55 pounds of my initial body weight and weighed only 150 pounds (68 Kg), which I had not weighed since I was 16 years old. My heart felt paper thin and ready to rip at any time. To see if my bowels still worked I began eating a cup of yogurt at breakfast. My mouth had forgotten how to chew and the food felt strange on my tongue, but the weight began to increase fourfold to my daily intake of yogurt, which is impossible for me to explain. By day 68 I added honey to my diet and increased my yogurt intake to three cups a day and in response my weight increased by a factor of four too.

Before I was reintroduced into the general population, I spent a week in the hospital on my request since the administration was anxious to get me into dorm 4 where the government, I was to soon find out, had planted a team of three undercover officers.

Throughout my hunger strike and despite the terrible conditions, I never once felt depressed or sad. On the contrary, I was in a state of grace. As I had to describe my condition every day to the visiting nurse, I did so by saying "I feel physically weakened, mentally strengthened and spiritually in a state of grace".

It took Quinte 40 days to officially ask me why I was on hunger strike, at which point I gave them my three reasons in writing:

1. To be reunited with my children
2. To be treated for what I am, a political prisoner and not a common criminal
3. To be allowed to work discreetly on changing global policy from covert to overt depopulation

After about 45 days of hunger strike the jail guards (blue shirts), supervisors (white shirts) and warden (known as the Dragon Lady) gave up trying to break me and instead treated with me with subdued respect since they had never before seen anyone go without food for more than 14 days.

By the time my hunger strike was over, I had a long beard and looked like Jesus, which is what the inmates in dorm 4, where I was moved, began calling me as soon as I entered the general population and was once again among people.

It felt great to be among my fellow inmates, among human beings, even though I love solitude. My status, needless to say, was special. The men looked at me with reverence, others with fear even, and the very young were mesmerized by what I had done and how I looked.

The system learned that I am a man to be reckoned with and I learned that the system has no chance against me, because I am stronger and I will bury it.

DAY 40
(Wednesday, 28 May 2014)
THE FUTURE BELONGS TO US

Like Jesus in the wilderness, I too have starved for 40 days, but unlike him I'm still not hungry, at least not for food. What I hunger for is truth, which is not forthcoming from the political wilderness of the Holy See and of the international community. But since I am nowhere near the end of my physical resources or mental resolve, I will continue to starve and stand guard until Pope Francis realizes that only the truth will set us free.

Today, like yesterday, has been an extraordinary day, as my physical strength and mental abilities are improving rather than weakening, which one might have expected after 40 days of starvation. Joined by lovely Anna Claudia Caci, who flew in from Sardinia to see and support us morally and financially, we walked the entire afternoon and enjoyed each other's company and the sights of this glorious city.

Anna witnessed my prayer on St. Peter's square today, which was particularly rewarding, and both Nick and I were happy to have female company to break our relentless routine and help us get perspective on how important our mission is for so many people around the world, who, like Anna, have carried the burden of this knowledge alone and without being able to express it, as they have already suffered abuse from the system for daring to spell out the truth and because the vast majority refuses to abandon the illusion and would rather shoot the messenger.

But out of the lies and the deception and the persecution, a global community of brave souls rises towards the light, out of the darkness, and pulls the rest of humanity along. This is my family. In them I seek shelter. From them I seek strength. And soon this family will encompass the whole world and every human being on the planet.

Already, the new generations are finding us and are awakened before the system has a chance to blunt their senses and rob them of the decency and courage necessary to stare reality in the face and find its harsh beauty much preferable to the false comforts of the great illusion.

Fifteen-year-old Dylan Madara, who interviewed me for two hours from 10 PM to midnight, is one such example. I felt privileged to be able to speak to his generation and answer some of the best questions I have been asked in any radio interview.

It has been too good a day to spoil it with negative thoughts about the papacy or the UN, and since I am too tired and it is too late to continue the narrative of my last incarceration, I will conclude today's update with a sincere thank you to all of you who are standing by me during this clash of forces, theirs and ours.

We will never surrender. We are prevailing. The future belongs to us. Believe it!









DAY 41
(Thursday, 29 May 2014)
LETTER TO MY SONS

I wrote this letter to my sons during the hunger strike I did while in pre-trial detention, just in case I did not make it. But make it I did.

My dearest Ben and Oliver,

This is your dad speaking to you.

Know that I love you more than anything else on this earth and that the reason I am sacrificing my life is so you can live in freedom and dignity and that in the distant future your children will know the same happiness.

Once in a while, history calls upon us men to rise to the occasion and do what no one dares. Few have that kind of courage, for the greater the act of heroism the more likely it will not be recognized by one's contemporaries. But future generations, having survived the mistakes of their predecessors, will.

You will grow up without your father but your last name will resound in history and give you the strength, honor and dignity I cannot pass on to you directly by being there for you to love and to guide you through life.

I was called upon in the Palau Islands by God or Destiny to live on love alone and a few months later at Iguazu Falls in Brazil to be that drop of water that changes the course of the river that mankind represents. I did what I was called to do and opened a new path. It is now up to others to do their part.

I write to you what may be my last words from a prison cell where I am held in solitary confinement and where bruised and battered I sleep on a cold concrete slab without pillow or mattress. I have not eaten since I was arrested on July 14, just as I was to see you in the park. Despite the circumstances, I will fight until I die or come home to you where I belong in body, soul and spirit.

Do not feel sorry for your old dad. That is only for the weak. Feel proud of me and draw strength from the strength that courses through my veins and through my words, as I draw strength from the boundless love I feel for you.

Here in this cell life is reduced to the bare minimum and there is beauty and purity to this state of being. The only thing you have is the joy within you, the only entertainment your memories, and the only compass your own thoughts. If you have neither joy, nor memories nor thoughts that are of any worth than you live in hell, but if you are full of joy, memories and thoughts you live closer to heaven than at most other times in your life.

You, Ben, and you, Oliver, my dearest boys, are the source of my joy, memories and thoughts, which is why I am neither alone nor beaten. I live in love and if need be I will die in love because you are in my heart and always will be.

I will not talk about my deeds; history will. I will not talk about those who have dug my grave, history will. Suffice it to say that it is ignorance, hypocrisy and greed that rule the hearts of those who have buried me alive so they will not have to face their hideous images every time I raise a mirror in front of them.

Sooner or later you will find out that your mother, who is the love of my life, has been the main actor in my demise. But hate her not, for she is ill and knows not what she is doing. Love her and help her find her way back to love. She is now lost in disfiguring hate and I could not rescue her from that abyss though I shall continue to try until my last breath.

The meek and the ignorant know only how to live now and cannot see that their lack of foresight and compassion fuel the hell of tomorrow. I could see that and I tried to open everyone's eyes to the danger that lurks ahead if we continue down the path of hypocrisy and greed.

I believe that people are decent and that they will come to my rescue if they know the truth and the love that reins my heart. For in so doing they will come to your rescue since you are innocent and need the love and support of your father.

I hope that your mother, my dear wife, finally sees the light and escapes the clutches of irrational hatred so that she too will come to my rescue and repair the damage she has done and she can start healing and we can help her heal.

How I wish I could hold you one more time and cover your faces with warm kisses and whisper in your ears the words of love I feel for you. How I wish!

How I wish the world was good and not so evil as to come between you and me, between father and sons. How I wish!

How I wish I were home again to make you dinner, play with you and tuck you in at night and tell you silly stories. How I wish!

How I wish the walls of this cell would disappear and you would throw yourselves into my arms.

Being your dad is the greatest accomplishment of my life and the greatest joy.

Your loving father,

Kevin Mugur Galalae





The Vatican Secret Library has a copy. I sent it to them along with the request that they give it to my sons when they are of age so that they will know what happened to their father and who he was and why he died and how he died.

But I survived.

Today, I am on day 41 of this hunger strike and I will survive this too.

For my sons.



PHASES OF DEPOPULATION VIDEO



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l9nsFFZon1E>



DAY 42
(Friday, 30 May 2014)
WATCH ME, ERICH! WATCH ME!

It is DAY 42 of my hunger strike and I continue to be in perfect health, undoubtedly much to the chagrin of the Vatican clerics.

The rate at which I am losing weight has decreased considerably, as it was expected. While during the first week I lost more than a kilogram a day, during the second week I only lost an average of half a kilogram a day, during the third and fourth week an average of 250 grams a day, during the fifth week an average of 100 grams a day, and during the sixth week I have only lost an average of 50 grams a day.

I now weigh 75.5 Kg or 166 pounds and 7 ounces. The total weight loss to date is 17 Kg or 37 pounds and 8 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 18.4% and has done so by losing an average of 415 grams or 14.6 ounces a day.

Nearly 2000 years ago Jesus scolded the “chief priests and the teachers of the law” for their depravity and destroyed their temple. History repeats itself though on a far more civilized level. And while I am not here in Rome to destroy the Church but to save its moral principles, the leaders of the Church are destroying it themselves by their complete lack of moral principles. In fact, the entire system, of which the Vatican is an intrinsic part, is imploding.

The thinner I get the more spiritual I become and my daily prayers are a source of joy, tranquility and wellbeing that I have come to love and need. I lose myself in them only to find myself in the bosom of the universal subconscious, in God’s embrace.

When on Saturday, 23 February 2013, I left the hospital ward of the Quinte Detention Centre and joined my fellow inmates in dorm four I was in God’s embrace. Perhaps I will never be closer to God than I was during those 75 days of hunger and solitary confinement. And that this should have happened in that terrible place, where human beings torture other human beings, says more than I could ever say about the power and tangible presence of the divine.

If I should ever come to be in a position of great power, one of my first actions will be to dissolve all prisons and replace them with healing centers. My experience in jail has shown me that there are no criminals, but only lost souls and victims of a system and of a society that shatters the best in humans; a system that is sick and sickens us all, both literally and figuratively.

This is not the time or place to give you a full assessment of Canada’s prison system, which is beyond contempt, as is Canada’s judiciary and law enforcement. This is however the time to tell





you what happened to me in the three months I spent in dorm four, before being moved for three more months into super protective custody.

A day before my arrival in the dorm, the authorities had inserted a very experienced and capable undercover officer by the name of Erich. A week later, they inserted an elderly and extremely intelligent and learned military scientist by the name of Steve. And within a week thereafter two more members of the team were inserted, Anastasios and Richard, to serve as support and also to be able to control the mood in the dorm, which could house a maximum of 36 inmates.

I was of course unaware of this at the time. It took me about a month to realize that Erich was an undercover cop and a few more days thereafter to conclude that Steve was in charge of the operation and that Anastasios and Richard had tertiary roles.

Each of the men had a role to play and a carefully rehearsed image. Erich was supposed to be a born-again Christian and a dope grower who was in jail because he refused to pay car insurance. He could quote the Bible better than the prison deacon. Steve was supposed to be a sovereign citizen who had been targeted by the authorities and arrested because he drove around with an unsecured shotgun and resisted arrest. Anastasios was supposed to be a drug dealer and a merchant of coffins who had been charged with possession of a few ounces of cocaine. And Richard was supposed to be a scam artist charged with multiple counts of fraud. They all looked the part and talked the talk. All men were extremely intelligent, great company, and flawlessly professional in their dealings with me. They came to be my best friends in jail and had they not been there my three months in dorm four would have been uneventful and boring.

Although their overall mission was to get me to plead guilty to any of the false charges the Crown had manufactured, so the system could save face by having a justification for imprisoning me and could then keep me on a short leash in perpetuity through probation conditions, they each had a clearly defined role and secondary objectives within the greater mission. Erich was to undermine me emotionally by playing the God card and to test my mental strength and psychological stability. Steve was to lead me up the garden path with conspiracy theories about alien technology in the hope that I would mention this in my writings and therefore discredit myself as a lunatic. Anastasios was to soften me and get my trust and affection with promises of help to disseminate my books and articles once I plead guilty and get out of jail, as well as with money sent from the outside so I could afford a haircut and a few chocolate bars while in jail. And Richard was to pretend incredulity at any mention of depopulation and to insinuate that such ideas are irrational and therefore below his intellect and that no one should pay attention to such delusional thinking; which, by the way, is the system's standard operating procedure to force those who glimpse the truth to keep quiet.

When it became clear to them that I am too strong a person to be undermined by their psychological war games, Erich began calling me the antichrist, Steve intensified the outlandishness of his alien stories, Anastasios staged interventions to get me to plead guilty, and

Richard stated again and again that unless I play ball with the system I will be placed in solitary confinement and will not get out of there for at least two years.

When that did not work either, the boys shifted in third gear and told me incessantly that I would spend “*a century in the penitentiary*”, that the Crown can delay the trial three times, each time for six months, and that I would be stuck in pre-trial detention for years before I could defend myself in court.

When that didn’t work either, Erich brought me the sad news that his ex-wife had absconded with another man and abandoned his children and therefore he was now forced to plead guilty to get out of jail and take care of his children. This was of course designed to plant the idea in my head that the same could have happened to my wife and that I better plead guilty and get out of jail to be there for my children.

When that didn’t work either the system panicked and switched in fourth gear. After delaying a mandatory three month detention review by more than a month, which is a gross violation of due process, they put two police informers and scumbags in the van in which we were transported to and from court with the intent of saddling me with drug possession charges. The two scumbags were given copious amounts of drugs (marihuana and pills) and once we arrived at the courthouse the cops, instead of taking us to the holding cells, locked us in the van and the scumbags were allowed to roll and smoke joint after joint undisturbed. They kept asking me to smoke me so I would be caught on camera and charged and thus be taken back to jail and miss my appearance before the high court judge. But because I did not take the bait the cops, who I could hear fidgeting in the front seat, kept us locked in the van for nearly four hours and refused to open the doors to let me take a leak and to breathe fresh air, so that I would at least be stoned out of my head and incoherent when I appear in front of the judge. That the judge was in on it is easily proven because when I was finally let out of the van it was lunch time, the court house had been cleared of people, the court room was empty, and the proceedings took place behind closed doors and during lunch time, which never happens.

Despite the drug-induced high, I defended myself beautifully and had the presence of mind to tell the judge what had happened and that I don’t appreciate the police attempt to frame and entrap me into drug charges. The judge did not say a word, even though I asked him to order an investigation. He stayed mum the whole time and then stood up and left the courtroom without saying a word. Needless to say, my detention was found justified.

Even more desperate now, the system kicked in the highest gear and flooded the dorm with drugs. Erich, who had previously played the pious man who follows the word of God and would never do drugs, began smoking dope as though his life depended on it and did so with three or four others as close to my bunk bed as possible to keep me on a continuous high so I could not do any legal work. By then, my government-appointed lawyer, Jeanelle Khan, whose task had





been to get me to plead guilty, had quit as soon as I made it clear to her that I had no intention to plead guilty to any of the charges since I am innocent and that I will take it to trial.

When that didn't work either and I confronted Erich and told him I knew exactly who he was and what he was trying to accomplish and gave him a list of 32 indicators that betray his true identity, he dropped all pretense and said that "the beast" – which is how he referred to the system – is willing to offer me a numbered Swiss bank account and whatever amount I wanted deposited in the account on a monthly basis for my sole use, so long as I would give them my book "Killing Us Softly: Causes and Consequences of the Global Depopulation Policy" and never again said a word about depopulation.

I said to him this: *"And then what, Erich? Even if I could live with my conscience for betraying my fellow man and making myself a party to genocide, and I could never do that, how would I protect my children? The depopulationists could walk into my son's school at any time and administer a vaccine designed to damage my children's reproductive or immune system. All the money in the world would not enable me to protect my children. What good would all that money be? Tell your handlers to take their money and shove it where the sun don't shine. Tell them also that unless they are not willing or able to put a bullet in the back of my head, because that is the only way they will ever stop me, from now on I set the direction and they can set the pace, because I understand that a change from covert to overt depopulation methods needs to be accomplished with a soft landing otherwise the world will descend into chaos and will not recover from it for at least a generation. And that will not serve anyone well, least of all my children. Tell your handlers also that I will never harm anyone for committing genocide because I understand perfectly well why they are doing it and that had they not done so since 1945 we would most likely all be dead by now. But the show stops now and the world will return to sanity. The time for change is now because I will not tolerate genocide and because there is a better way, my OM Principles."*

Erich listened intently with his steely grey and intelligent eyes. He stood up and went to his bunk bed to write a letter, which is how he communicated with headquarters.

Over the next few days, he made a few more attempts to convince me to accept the deal but they were meek attempts ordered by his handlers and carried out by Erich in full knowledge that it was a waste of time. During one of these last attempts, red in the face with shame, Erich asked me to at least never divulge any more names. I said I would not so long as they stay out of my way and let me tell the world the truth and how to get out of this murderous system without jeopardizing the demographic and geopolitical goals we need to accomplish or else we are all fucked.

The conversation got heated at one point. Erich said to me *"What do you expect, Kevin, you cornered them when you identified them. They had to strike back."*

“And where did that get them, Erich?” I said to him. “Yes, they did destroy my life and my family but I destroyed their system and if they don’t stay the fuck out of my way I will make sure they all hang. Do I make myself clear?”

“You can’t kill the beast, Kevin”, it’s too strong.

“Watch me, Erich! Watch me!”







HONORE PRINCIPIS APOSTOLI PAVLVS V BVRGHESIVS ROMANVS PONTIFEX MAXIMVS

DAY 43
(Saturday, 31 May 2014)
THE MIND AND THE SPIRIT ALWAYS SOAR

It is DAY 43 of my hunger strike and I am in the best of health and seemingly growing stronger not weaker from day to day. I have no rational explanation as to how this is possible, but it is the truth. Call it a miracle if you want; I certainly do and thank my lucky stars.

This morning I got up happy and light and walked to St. Peter's for my daily prayer as though I was floating on air.

Yesterday I concluded telling you about the undercover team inserted into the Quinte Detention Center. I gave only the briefest account, removing the drama and excitement and the many extraordinary details.

While my battle with the undercover team unfolded I was busy fighting the judiciary and was engaged in an even more ferocious battle with the corrupt lawyers, judges, and Crown attorneys that the system threw at me. Every step of the way I kicked their sorry asses and taught them lessons they will never forget, and did it on their own turf and despite being hampered in each and every way possible because they fight dirty.

Over the next few days, I will publish some of my legal work. Today, you are privy to my counteroffer to the Crown's offer, which was that I plead guilty to just one count of harassment and three breaches so the Crown can save face and justify my incarceration. Here it is:

18 May 2013

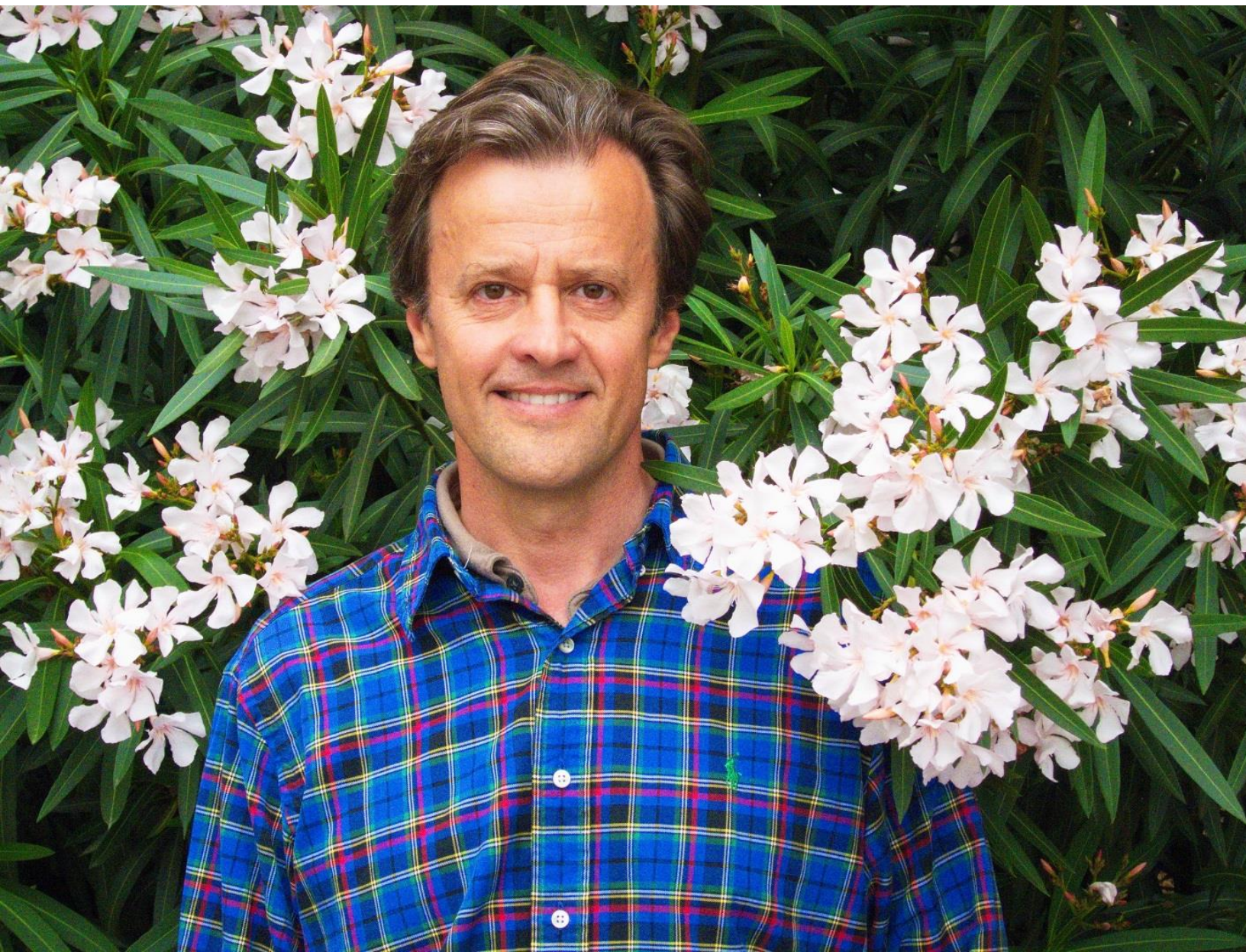
Ms. Foxton and Mr. Laarhuis,

Following judge Belch's wishes that we come to a resolution so as to avoid trial, I am herewith, in good faith and with a clear conscience, forwarding you my counteroffer to your existing offer. I hope you will receive it in the same spirit and pass it along to those who have the authority to accept or reject it and who can make an informed and binding decision.

There are two ways to proceed: continue with confrontation or seek collaboration. Since confrontation is no longer expedient, either legally or politically, I suggest we give collaboration a fair chance.

First, I shall establish the facts. They are as follows:

1. Canada's reputation and incalculable geopolitical matters hang in the balance, which is why the highest national and international organs have an interest to see a satisfactory outcome.
2. This case cannot come to trial, as it would have to air matters of global security that cannot go on public record, and in the unlikely event that you will be allowed to proceed, you have no case, which means that should you go to trial you will do so only to prove your guilt, as my innocence is already firmly established.
3. I have not been allowed to see the 15 CDs that make up the Crown Disclosure out of fear that I will release classified information and embarrass the government and the international community, to say nothing of the clumsy and unlawful manner in which my case has been mishandled from the very beginning in 2011.
4. A publication ban or a de facto publication ban is already in place, which is why the media continues to be gagged and why the detention review that took place on 15 May did so in an empty courtroom over lunch time, this being the only time the building could be justifiably emptied.
5. Both the letter and the spirit of the law, as well as due process, the rules of procedure, and my fundamental rights have been trampled on with impunity.
6. My government appointed lawyer, Ms. Jeanelle Khan, has failed in her mission and has failed miserably, committing gross professional misconduct in the process and joining a growing line of coerced, coopted and/or incompetent lawyers.
7. Despite the Crown's best efforts, I am still in control of what I want the world to know and continue to have the means to communicate with the outside world and to publish if I need to do so. I held back thus far for good reasons and I have yet to be rewarded for doing so.
8. Your office lacks the talent and experience necessary to handle this matter properly and is consequently precipitating a sequel to the to the Kingston Hillbillies article. Furthermore, as I have warned you from the very start, this is not a matter the Kingston courts are equipped to handle or have jurisdiction over.
9. The record shows that I am not a man to be trifled with and that the bullying and intimidation tactics employed thus far have backfired, which is why I am now in a position of greater strength than ever before and will continue to do what I believe to be right despite the forces arraigned against me.





10. Your last act of desperation, my 3-hour entrapment in the police van with informer and prison mole, Andrew Meeks, and his dimwitted sidekick, Dalio Saint Luis, has not resulted in drug charges, as you had hoped and planned in order to prevent me from attending high court under the pretext that I was caught in possession of illicit drugs. One would think you would have learned from your first mishap in 2011, which ended up in the text of my application to the U.N. for interim measures, published by The Oslo Times of Norway and by Fathers for Justice of the UK for the world to see.

I will now outline what the Crown wants vis-à-vis what I want, since no resolution is possible unless both sides are satisfied.

The Crown wants:

1. To protect the individuals it has coopted, coerced and/or manipulated to conspire against me, or to violate due process, from being found personally liable in civil courts;
2. To ensure that I no longer expose further illegal policies at home or abroad, especially concerning the depopulation policy and its offshoots;
3. And that I withdraw my international lawsuits and help restore Canada's badly bruised reputation, credibility and dignity.

By contrast, I want:

1. To be acquitted of all charges, including the guilty plea I was forced into in August 2011, and that my record is restored to its formerly pristine condition;
2. To resume my life and be reunited with my family and that my children and I are properly compensated for damages and suffering;
3. To be allowed to work discreetly on changing the methodology of the depopulation policy from covert poisoning to overt legislation.

What we both can agree on is that much is at stake to fail in reaching a mutually satisfactory solution and that we both have the common good at heart, but that while I held myself to the highest standards, you sank to the lowest.

This being the case, I am willing to offer the following:

1. I will drop the civil lawsuits
2. I will allow the U.N. to decide when and under what circumstances my history of the depopulation policy is published
3. I will drop the international lawsuits and will withdraw from the internet the following articles:

- (i) The Kingston Hillbillies
https://wikispooks.com/w/images/2/24/The_Kingston_Hillbillies.pdf
- (ii) In Harper's Canada
<http://www.slideshare.net/KevinGalalae/in-harpers-canada-kevin-galalae-plea-that-prime-minister-stephen-harper-resigns>
- (iii) Canada's Political Prisoner
https://wikispooks.com/w/images/c/c8/Canada%27s_Political_Prisoner.pdf

In return, I expect the following:

1. Full acquittal of the current charges and of the 2011 guilty plea.
2. An out-of-court settlement that takes in consideration a fair appraisal of the damage done to me and my children (see attached list)
3. That my children and I (and should she wish to join us, my wife too) will be allowed to leave the country and head either to Geneva, Switzerland, or Rome, Italy, where I will be accommodated either by the U.N. Human Rights Commissioner's office or, respectively, by the Vatican, to work discreetly on accomplishing the transition of the depopulation policy from covert to overt methods.

If my counteroffer is rejected or ignored, my only available option will be to proceed on all fronts. In addition, I will file new lawsuits in civil court as well as a lawsuit against the current Canadian Government at the international Criminal Court for crimes against humanity. I will also seek renewed protection under interim measures from the international courts and will demand an RCMP investigation into the police van incident. And since you have involved elements of organized crime, I will hold you personally responsible should anything happen to my wife and children.

To avoid such incidents in the future, I demand transportation to and from court by police cruiser, preferably the RCMP.

In considering my proposal, you may want to remember that your decision to ignore my 2011 counteroffer has aggravated the situation much to your disadvantage. Had you heeded my warnings you would not have to now face the very serious problems you have caused. It is my hope that reason will this time prevail.

One last word of caution; history has not been kind to those who stand in the way of people's welfare. Irrespective of what I do – and whether you like to admit it or not, I am the one in the driver's seat – unless you change tack, you are about to become the primary victims of your own repressive measures. You therefore ought to be thankful and welcome my appearance on the world stage, for if anyone can achieve a soft landing, it is I.





In the final analysis, I am working for your own best interests and ought to assist rather than undermine me.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Kevin Galalae
(without prejudice)

P.S. You can obtain a copy of the contents pages of the book I wrote at Quinte – “Killing Us Softly: Causes and Consequences of the Global Depopulation Policy” – from Superintendent Gillis.

ITEMIZED AND QUANTIFIED DAMAGES

I. OF A FINANCIAL NATURE

1. Loss of employment, loss of potential earnings, destruction of my career	\$500.000
2. Loss of reputation and future employment prospects	\$250,000
3. Incurred debt from legal costs	\$75.000
4. Incurred debt from being thrown out of my home for 3 years	\$25.000
5. Incurred debt from having to go into exile for 10 months	\$25.000
6. Loss of personal vehicle due to fifth arrest	\$25.000

II. OF AN EMOTIONAL NATURE

1. Destruction of my marriage and family
2. Three year separation from my children
3. Oliver's institutionalization due to my absence and my wife's inability to cope
4. Social marginalization and the vilification of my person

\$1.350.000

III. OF A PSYCHOLOGICAL NATURE

1. Severe psychological trauma due to multiple false arrests, involuntary confinement in psychiatric facility, threats of long-term confinement in psychiatric facility, falsified medical records, perjury by police officers, lawyers, doctors and judges
2. Severe psychological trauma caused to me and to my sons, for whom I was their main caregiver

3. Suffering from repeated and malicious prosecutions and imprisonment
4. Suffering and loss of faith and trust in state institutions for their participation in structural violence that shows Canada to be a police state

\$2,000,000

TOTAL: \$4,250,000

Needless to say, my letter went to the highest echelons of power in Canada and beyond. Someone up high gave orders to treat me with the consideration and respect I deserve. Detective Dianne McCarthy, the cop who had been in charge of making my life a living hell was ordered to keep her mouth shut and head low. The Crown attorneys began treating me as a colleague rather than a foe.

Without responding with either a yes or a no, the Crown began doing as I had suggested. Both the doctors I had sued (i.e. Dr. Cristina Orr and Dr. David Murray) and the Hotel Dieu Hospital where I had been held behind my will for a “psychiatric assessment” filed a motion to dismiss my civil action against them. The motion, despite the fact that I presented evidence of perjury and forgery, was granted, as I had expected.

I knew I would not be released until just before trial, but I also knew the system was beaten and bruised and the people at the top were grateful I had the political acumen to give them a way out.

What I learned is that the judiciary is a prostitute and takes it any which way the executive wants it. Armed with this new understanding I henceforth directed all my communications to the executive, even though on the face of it I addressed either the Crown office or the Attorney General of Ontario or of Canada.

If I was to triumph I would have to score one political victory after another, both at the national and international level. I had entered the world of the big boys and was their equal in every respect even though I was behind bars.

No walls can imprison the mind and the spirit.





DAY 44
(Sunday, 1 June 2014)
BRING LIGHT INTO THE WORLD

This is the 44th DAY of my hunger strike and I had worrisome heart problems late afternoon as I walked back home after visiting the Basilica of Santa Maria del Popolo, which is a treat I granted myself in order to see two stunning paintings by one of my favorite late Renaissance artists, Caravaggio. The problems were serious enough to make me stop and sit down for a couple of hours.

I now weigh 75.3 Kg or 166 pounds. The total weight loss to date is 17.2 Kg or 37 pounds and 15 ounces. My body has therefore shrunk by 18.6% and has done so by losing an average of 400 grams or 14.1 ounces a day.

It had been my intention to pause the story of my incarceration and write an essay on the nature of good and evil, but it is already late and I will keep this update short.

I am disappointed with the public response and people's reluctance to do their part and help disseminate the truth. The most shares of any of my posts has been 91. At this rate I will die a million deaths by starvation before the world knows the truth about the Global Depopulation Policy. Of the thousands of people who are following my struggle only about 50 are regularly sharing and making a conscious effort. The rest are spectators even though they know they and their children are being slowly annihilated. It is this apathy that is responsible for the mess we are in. Policy makers, now I understand, have had no choice but to go behind people's backs and do what is necessary before it is too late. The common man is simply incapable, unwilling or indifferent of the facts and refuses to know the truth and to understand the seriousness of the situation.

People hide behind facile excuses and refuse to acknowledge that depopulation and resource sharing are absolute necessities, not choices, if we are to survive the next 25 years let alone into the future. They fail to understand that the only way for humankind to save itself from self-destruction is to abandon old beliefs, ideologies, dogmas, nation states, and the current socio-economic system. They fail to understand that to do so it takes a fundamental transformation that will be painful to accomplish even if every human on earth were to voluntarily shoulder the burden. They fail to understand that resisting change is futile and that the only way to remain masters of our destiny is to make history not be its victims.

People fail to understand that there are only two ways in which this can be done; either policy makers do it by force any which way possible, or we do it voluntarily by taking responsibility. Borders must be dissolved, the nation state buried, and families across the world and for all times restricted to at most two children. There is no other way.

The evil system in place now exists because it needs to compensate for our ignorance and indifference, for the endless bickering about inconsequential nonsense when our world is falling apart and we are responsible for it.

It is our ignorance and apathy that enables and feeds this evil. All God asks of us is to shine the light into the darkness and dispel it, so we can see what the darkness hides: the shapes, the colors, and the textures of truth.

But to bring light into the world requires the courage to walk into the darkness with your mind and heart and soul afire, and few have the courage and wisdom to be the change they want to see in the world.

Those who do, have had to forge ahead quietly lest they be derided and vilified and laughed at by the ignorant mob; by those who hide their ineptitude behind religion, their cowardice behind moralizing, and their prejudices behind patriotism.

A brave new world awaits, but it is only for the brave.





DAY 45
(Monday, 2 June 2014)
FREE AT LAST

It is DAY 45 of my hunger strike and the battle continues. I have just finished an Avaaz petition and hope the censors will not stop its distribution the way they did with the Change.org petition from a few days earlier. This is the link to it:

https://secure.avaaz.org/en/petition/Pope_Francis_Tell_the_world_the_truth_about_covert_methods_of_depopulation_1/?cLLSggb

As planned, Nick and I spent the day at the Vatican Museum to get the footage we need to complete segment five of our documentary. Despite the massive crowds it was a very special day for me as I was able to revisit some of my favorite works of art. As some of you may know, I studied art and architectural history and prior to settling down to have a family I was an international fine arts consultant and appraiser for almost a decade.

Back now to what happened to me in jail.

Once I confronted the undercover team and explained to them that I knew their true identity and that I had informed the warden, an incident was created to find an excuse to move me out of the general population dorm and put me in super protective custody. To humiliate rather than protect me I was relegated to the wing designated for child molesters and spent the last three months of my nine-month pre-trial detention in an 8 x 12 foot cell along with two other inmates.

This wing was under 23.5 hours a day lock-down, which means that we did not get out of that cell for more than 30 minutes a day. The music blared from bad speakers from noon until bedtime at 11 AM and every sound coming from the inmates housed in the 8 cells of the wing reverberated and made the bliss of silence impossible.

Since the cells were built for two inmates but always housed three – in violation of national and international law – the last inmate to come into the cell slept on the floor. For the first month and a half of my three month stay in this cell I was relegated to the cold concrete floor. Although it was never admitted, my cell mates were government implants again. One was trained in psychology and was there to test and probe me, while the other was there for my protection and to ensure that the first does not overstep his boundaries. It is my guess that my protection had been ordered by the international courts but there is no way of knowing for certain until the system drops the secrecy and provides access to my file.

The dynamic in the cell was very interesting to say the least but it would take me weeks to properly recollect those events. What I can do here is let you read my legal defense, which I wrote in that cell under the most terrible circumstances one can think of and perched on my top

bunk bed once I got off the floor. The Crown not only denied me access to the disclosure, the jail authorities, working in collusion with the Crown, denied me access to the Criminal Code and to the Rules of Procedures, both of which I was entitled to by law since I was self-represented. But that is not all. You will find out the details about the Crown's treachery once you read my hand-written Motion for Stay of Judicial Proceedings, which is how I taught Canada's judiciary a lesson they will never forget and beat them on their own turf.

The hand-written file you are about to read is 176 pages long and I just made it public today in order to share it with you. Keep in mind that I had to prepare it in triplicate since I was never given access to a photocopier and I had to give a copy to the judge, a copy to the Crown attorneys and keep a copy to myself. As you can imagine, I was a very busy little bee in jail and never had an idle moment.

While I never had any legal training, I found the law easy to grasp and fun to argue. The only access I had to precedent was an article that my government-appointed lawyer was decent enough to send me once she quit. I suspect her conscience weight heavily on her and that was her way to atone for her trespasses towards me.

You must all also know that in-between all this legal work I spent my day reading anything I could get my hands on, including the holy books of nearly every major religion on earth. I even completed a long-distance Bible course and earned a Bible with my name embossed on the cover, which the jail administrators only gave me when I left the jail.

When it became clear that I was winning every legal procedure and every political battle I acquired the respect of the guards and notoriety among the inmates. A few weeks before my release, the head of social services, Mr. Mike Shabinsky, who is the third most influential person in jail, told me that he postponed his retirement by a year to see what happens to me and that in his 40-year-long career he had never seen anyone beat the system.

I told him this: "Mike, I beat the British intelligence services at their own game and shut down their covert program from outside the UK. And you thought I couldn't beat a bunch of Kingston hillbillies?"

Just how badly I beat the Kingston Hillbillies, which is the nickname I gave the hapless and incompetent morons who thought they can destroy me, will become apparent to anyone who reads my legal file:

https://www.academia.edu/7231906/Kevin_Galalaes_Hand-Written_Motion_for_Judicial_Stay_of_Proceedings_11_September_2013

I won my freedom and walked out of the courtroom without any conditions. Without any help whatsoever I had beaten the international community to a pulp.

I was free to do and say whatever I wanted, and I did.





Within ten days of my release, I published “Killing Us Softly: Causes and Consequences of the Global Depopulation Policy”, in which I spilled the world’s greatest secrets; secrets that I uncovered by intellect alone from the vacuum of a prison cell.

Nothing and no one can lockup the mind.

I am living proof of it.







LETTER TO CANADA'S MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

Honourable representatives,

I am writing to you from Rome, Italy, on the 45th day of my hunger strike to compel our highest religious authorities, Pope Francis and the College of Cardinals, to abandon hypocrisy and protect the people from an international system that is out of control.

You have been elected to serve your constituents and to protect the constitution. More than this, you have a moral responsibility to safeguard the fundamental rights of Canadians, especially the right to life, which are being trampled on with impunity by the United Nations and its agencies, with the full cooperation of our own government, for the sake of demographic and geopolitical objectives that fall under the purview of international security prerogatives.

Every federal administration since 1945 has fully cooperated with the international community in a covert program of population control that constitutes genocide and has done and continues to do irreparable harm to the genetic and intellectual endowment of the human species, sickening millions of Canadians and causing the premature death of millions more. While the intent and rationale are sound, as it is meant to be a substitute to war and therefore a vehicle for peace, the methods used are immoral, unlawful and downright diabolical. Moreover, they are no longer necessitated by the insurmountable obstacles of the past.

I have definitively detailed these methods in two books that you have a duty to read without delay and act upon the vital information they relay:

Killing Us Softly: Causes and Consequences of the Global Depopulation Policy

http://real-agenda.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/11/CHEMICAL_AND_BIOLOGICAL_DEPOPULATION.pdf

Chemical and Biological Depopulation

<http://real-agenda.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/KILLING-US-SOFTLY2.pdf>

Yes, it is better to wage war on human fertility than be forced to wage conventional wars or fall victim to thermonuclear weapons, but there is no need to turn the basic elements of life into weapons of mass sterility and morbidity when legislation can empower every Canadian citizen to assume responsibility for population control.

There need not be a conflict between national and international interests. Once Canadians are apprised of the facts, every rational being will conclude that controlling population growth is an unavoidable imperative in a finite planet whose maximum carrying capacity humankind has long reached and even surpassed.

Ban all endocrine disruptors, GMOs, chemical spraying, and vaccines that are the weapons of choice in the arsenal of the depopulation lobby in its war against human fertility. Stop using the institutions of state and taxpayers' money to pervert the rule of law, debase science and bypass





democratic checks and balances in order to institute psychosocial and economic strategies that subvert the family structure.

Fail to do this and to add your voice publicly and firmly in condemnation of the Global Depopulation Policy and we, the people, will hold you personally accountable and will try and convict you for collusion in crimes against humanity and genocide.

Do not labor under the false comfort that you are protected by an invincible system. The system's safeguards – secrecy, deception, misdirection, and denial – have fallen and unless you comprehend the precarious situation you find yourselves in and the potential for violence at an unprecedented order of magnitude you will be buried along with the system.

I hope I have made myself clear. If not, my hunger strike timeline will hopefully help you understand that the tide has turned and you better find yourselves on the right side of history or else become its newest victims and be reviled as mass murderers for all eternity.

<http://www.ice-pix.se/globaldepopulation/?fbrefresh=kevinprayer>

Let us make Canada a shining example for the world to follow and for once in our history lead rather than follow.

May you find the strength, courage and integrity you will need to put the people's interests before your own!

Sincerely,

Kevin Galalae

DAY 46
(Tuesday, 3 June 2014)
PEOPLE POWER

This is the 46th and last day of my hunger strike. Late afternoon, I granted myself the first meal since I began this action – a ham and cheese sandwich and four bite-sized puff pastries – and enjoyed it on the highest point in Rome, the Monte Mario Natural Reserve, where I went to clear my head and make a decision.

There are two reasons for bringing this hunger strike to an end. First, I have run out of money and not enough new donations have come in to keep me here in Rome any longer and, secondly, it is clear that Pope Francis will maintain the code of silence to keep his flock in the dark about the genocide the Church has tacitly agreed to in 1969 and that the Vatican is partially responsible for by its refusal to allow the use of contraceptives, thus forcing secular authorities to continue to undermine human fertility in secret.

Since I began the hunger strike on April 19, the Vatican has made the following announcements:

1. On May 9, just six days after Pope Francis received my letter, and four days after he received my book, he called the heads of the UN agencies to the Vatican for a coordination meeting during which he reminded them that *“unborn children are our brothers and sisters”*.
<http://www.lifenews.com/2014/05/09/pope-tells-united-nations-unborn-children-are-our-brothers-and-sisters/>
2. On the same day, Pope Francis scolded UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-Moon and UN Human Rights Commissioner Navanethem Pillay for the injustices of the *“culture of death”* and asked the UN officials to *“provide appropriate protection for the family”* as an *“essential element in sustainable human and social development”*.
<http://www.lifenews.com/2014/05/15/top-un-official-looks-away-as-pope-francis-says-abortion-violates-human-rights/>
3. Also on May 9, the Vatican announced that the Church will *“update”* its teaching on marriage and the family, since Catholics around the world ignore the current teachings, and the Church must therefore *“allow a more adequate response to the expectations of the people.”* More importantly, the Vatican has also declared that: *“The Church is not timeless, it lives amid the vicissitudes of history and the Gospel must be known and experienced by people today. It is in the present that the message should be, with all respect for the integrity of whoever receives that message.”* This is a clear rejection of the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility, which has until now prevented the Church from changing its position on contraceptives.
<http://www.lifesitenews.com/news/church-must-update-teaching-on-marriage-and-family-pope-francis-head-of-syn>





These are important moves on the part of Pope Francis and the fact that they come during my hunger strike cannot be coincidence. What is also not coincidence but rather a clear reference to my writings and exhortations is Pope Francis's comment that he made on Sunday, June 1, to a stadium full of people gathered for the annual renewal of the Holy Spirit gathering.

4. Pope Francis said that the devil is trying to "destroy" the family because that is where children are born and learn to love. This is clearly in reference to the psychosocial and economic methods I have outlined by which secular authorities are subverting the family structure.

<http://www.lifesitenews.com/news/pope-francis-the-devil-wants-to-destroy-the-family>

For a month and a half now I have made my way to St. Peter's square to pray on its hallowed ground and to encourage Pope Francis to show leadership. Despite much talk about the Vatican being a source of evil I can tell you without any doubt or hesitation that at no time did I sense evil emanating from the Vatican. What I do sense is only fear and confusion. Clearly our leaders are lost and know not where to lead us. We must show them the way.

It remains to be seen whether the system will change from covert to overt methods of population control due to my efforts alone. That a change of course is already underway, however, is signaled by the following announcements made by secular authorities:

1. Swedish government intends to take legal action against the European Commission for failing to adopt scientific criteria on the use of endocrine disruptors

<http://www.government.se/sb/d/18521/a/241118>

2. Canadian government's decision to halt all GMO alfalfa crops:

http://www.naturalnews.com/045394_Monsanto_GM_alfalfa_Canada.html?utm_content=bufferf426f&utm_medium=social&utm_source=facebook.com&utm_campaign=buffer#ixzz33RtTBOJc

3. Fluoride is a neurotoxin and scientists call for a global prevention strategy:

http://www.occupycorporatism.com/home/study-fluoride-neurotoxin-linked-autism-adhd/?utm_source=Top+US+World+News+|+Susanne+Posel+Daily+Headlines+and+Research&utm_medium=FB

Most importantly, now the world has started talking about the Global Depopulation Policy and my role, which was unheard of until I exposed its existence and broke through the system's walls of censorship, deception, secrecy and retaliation.

1. Sweden

<http://newsvoice.se/2014/05/24/depopulationsprogram-i-full-sving-eller-bara-obeslutsambefolkningspolitik/>

2. Romania
http://reteauliterara.ning.com/profiles/blogs/sunt-n-greva-foamei-de-41-de-zile?xg_source=activity
3. Brazil
<http://real-agenda.com/?s=Galalae>
4. USA
<http://theusindependent.com/author/2dm03j2n/>
<http://www.thesleuthjournal.com/?s=Galalae>
<http://intellihub.com/?s=Galalae>
http://mediaarchives.gsradio.net/mike_harris/hr1043014.mp3
<http://www.blogtalkradio.com/sfpiradio/2014/02/15/the-depopulation-bomb-with-kevin-galalae>
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sl0btO8xxlM&feature=youtu.be>
<http://www.blogtalkradio.com/sfpiradio/2014/02/16/killing-us-softly-with-ken-galalae>
<https://theusindependent.com/usi-special-report-with-kevin-galalae-how-do-we-turn-a-nightmare-into-a-dream/>
http://www.d1100863-22667.cp.blacknight.com/images/podcasts/a_Matt_Navarro_KevinGalalae_UWSMay2014.mp3
http://www.d1100863-22667.cp.blacknight.com/images/podcasts/f_Kevin_Galalae_UWSMay2014.mp3
5. India
<http://diplomacyandforeignaffairs.com/?s=Galalae>
6. Ireland
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=toJ2OunJgMY>
7. New Zealand
<http://youtu.be/puh1FAA8ocw>
<http://www.thevinnyeastwoodshow.com/5/post/2014/01/14-january-2014-the-politics-tactics-of-depopulation-explained-kevin-galalea.html>
8. Australia
<http://fairdinkumradio.com/?q=node/358>
9. Canada
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N_r9fhsbuLE
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gFQPyWjEH-Q&feature=share>
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2d4NLNJCIUU&feature=share>





10. International

http://www.d1100863-22667.cp.blacknight.com/images/podcasts/z_UWS_201405-US_RoundTable.mp3

But most important of all is that people have finally found the courage and the inspiration to speak openly about depopulation and that now civil society and a good and growing number of common people recognize that all our ills originate with the manipulations and distortions necessitated by the use of covert methods of depopulation imposed on the world from the global governance level.

All we have to do now is disseminate this vital knowledge until we reach critical mass and can force our governments and the international community to change course. If we fail to do so we will only have ourselves to blame because evil is the absence of good, just as dark is the absence of light.

The only people who have power are those who assume it.

And those with the brightest light assume power.

Let us be the light!

EPILOGUE

No words can begin to express how deeply ashamed I am of Pope Francis and how deeply disappointed I am in the Church. I have always viewed organized religion with deep suspicion out of intangible instinct rather than concrete knowledge. Though my hunger strike has failed to reach its intended objective, namely to compel Pope Francis to come to our defense by publicly condemning the covert methods of depopulation employed by secular governments throughout the world, it has achieved an unintended but equally important objective, confirm that we are governed and encircled by mass murderers who are far more perverse, destructive and dangerous than any of the tyrants of our history.

The origin and make-up of the coalition of forces and individuals who commit mass murder on an unprecedented scale show us that there is a *“hidden kinship between the vices of even the most vicious and the virtues of even the most upright”*. They also show us that now is the time to rid ourselves of the hierarchies of power, be they sacred or secular, and their dated ideologies and stale theologies that arrest our evolution and threaten our survival. Last, they show us that peaceful methods only encourage and enable the continuing existence of and our continuing oppression by these outdated and perverse hierarchies.

I have made superhuman efforts to avoid violence but my efforts have remained unheeded. The only option remaining is to fight violence with violence in the absence of sufficient people to drown violence in self-sacrifice.

For the record, my hunger strike is not only the only one ever held on Vatican soil to shut down covert depopulation measures, but also the only one, to the best of my knowledge, to set the following records:

1. The longest distance covered on foot, namely 700Km, by a hunger striker.
2. The only hunger striker to have shot a full length documentary during a hunger strike.
3. The only hunger striker to work 18 hours a day during a hunger strike
4. The longest hunger strike held on Vatican soil to remain unacknowledged by the Pope or the clergy

The Vatican’s silence in the end spoke louder than words and confirmed not only its complicity but also its immorality. Pope Francis chose not to deliver us from evil but to deliver us to evil.

